

# Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review

---

VOL. X. No. 2. *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing, ... but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne JUNE, 1892

---

## CURRENT FACT AND OPINION

The spring is the season when art unfolds its collected beauties in many lands. In America it is the period of the annual Academy's and Society of Artists' displays; in France the salons, old and new, are the one topic of discourse; while in England Royal Academicians open their doors, and the younger men hold pictorial levees in emulation of them. Native and foreign periodical literature of the day is filled with references to the many successes or failures of the year. Of the two important exhibitions in New York, those of the National Academy of Design and of the Society of American Artists, the latter has scored the more brilliant triumph. It is generally conceded that its display is of a higher order, and that in Mr. A. H. Thayer's Virgin Enthroned a genuine triumph has been scored. Critics generally have praised the work, which "contains figures of the Virgin seated, with the child Jesus and St. John on either side. The composition is extremely graceful and dignified. The three faces are charming in character, and that of the Virgin is especially satisfactory in its sweet expression of inspiration. The picture is broadly and strongly painted, and the color is low in tone and rich and harmonious. It is a serious and dignified expression of religious sentiment." At the Academy the success of the exhibition is to be found in a superb portrait of a young man dressed in hunting-costume, by the veteran portrait painter Eastman Johnson. The youthfulness and vigor of the life-size portrait is so admirable as to place it quite beyond anything which the painter has achieved in recent years. Otherwise the Academy display is considered

---

*For Table of Contents, Book-List, and Magazine Reference see previous pages.*

---

Copyrighted, 1892, by The Current Literature Publishing Co.

anything but a success, a fact which is further attested by the very meagre receipts of the year from sales. In Paris two salons which rival one another are opened to the public. In the old salon, or that of the Palais de l'Industrie, there are no less than four thousand paintings, sculptures, and prints exhibited. Young American painters are very extensively represented in this exhibition, but apparently by no remarkably original works. Among the most noticeable of those by the great French artists of the day is Benjamin Constant's ceiling for the Hôtel de Ville, which holds the place of honor, with a somewhat chaotic subject. "The immense sky," says a writer, "seems to be on fire, as if the last bouquet of a huge piece of pyrotechnical art had suddenly burst without warning. On one side is a fine Parisienne all aglow, holding a fan in her brilliant hands. Women representing Science, and men representing Art, rush forward on scarlet and gold-spotted clouds to meet the visitors. They hold large trumpets to their mouths. It is Paris inviting the World to its Fêtes. Young girls place flowers on the balcony of a long building seemingly lighted with electricity. It is all confusion and dazzle—the explanation and meaning is left to the future position of the canvas." Among the pictures which have made a mark, aside from academical honors, is Pierre Fretel's huge *Conquérants*. All the background is sombre; seemingly dark mountains with misty atmosphere. It is as cold as death. On each side are double compact rows of dead bodies, and between these advance toward you slowly, implacably, the silent, grim foes, Alexander, Attila, Napoleon, with hundreds following. Their horses and their chariots move silently, but the impression of unavoidable, harsh destiny is terrible. One cannot criticise brushwork in such a presentation. It is the idea, the sentiment, that makes the composition grand or grotesque. Detaille's *Reduction of the Fortress Town of Huningue* is said by a writer to be the prime picture, from an artistic and patriotic French point of view, of this salon. The story of how he came to paint it is interesting. "Last year he exhibited *The Charge of a Regiment of Hussars before the Emperor Napoleon*, into which he had thrown all the fire of his painting of a colonel of the artillery of the Imperial Guard calling on his men to dash forward. There were critics who found fault with the legs of some of the horses which Detaille did

after instantaneous photographs. But all agreed that, even with these defects, it was a masterpiece. An American amateur was lifted to enthusiasm by the spirit and movement of this work. He had come to Paris with a daughter who was thought to be dying of consumption, and had made a silent vow that were she saved he would give Detaille's picture of the Charge of the Hussars to the Luxembourg Museum. The young girl recovered, and the happy father kept his vow, the state accepting the gift. It was to be delivered to the curator of the museum on next New Year's Day. Detaille was in despair when he heard this. Further studies made him think that one of the horses did not canter as it should. He offered, with the donor's consent, to paint a great patriotic picture for the Luxembourg in exchange for the one given to it. For a whole year he has been working at *The Reduction of Huningue*, in which he is at once anecdotic and epic, true as photography and yet an idealist. The technique as shown in the arrangement of the crowd of figures and in placing them in striking and harmonious contrast is marvellous." In England the Royal Academy claims pre-eminent attention over the new gallery and a number of lesser displays, and yet critics find nothing of note in the great exhibition, even from the hands of Herkomer, Sir Frederic Leighton, and the other dazzling names of English art. "If this be the record of the best known men, for the year," says G. W. Smalley, "and if no new man has made his mark, it were idle indeed to dwell on the second and tenth-rate painters who cover so much of the wall space in both galleries. There is no pleasure in naming artists who have done their best and failed. As a rule, the least pretentious pictures are the best; many of them have the merit of simplicity and of feeling, and give you the impression that the honest man who signs them knows the restrictions upon his power and has worked in humble obedience to them."

---

The higher education of women has been enlarged by the opening of Yale College, with its degrees, to those of the other sex. The president of the university, Timothy Dwight, contributes an article to the June Forum, upon the subject of this new departure, in which he explains the change. From his article it appears that the trustees will open the graduate "courses of study leading to the degree of doctor of philoso-

phy to candidates of both sexes. These candidates are to be graduates of colleges, or in exceptional cases, by special permission, other persons of liberal education. The number of such exceptional cases in the past has been very small, the whole body of students in these courses, substantially, being college graduates. No others have been admitted whose progress and attainments have not been ascertained to be abundantly sufficient to qualify them for pursuing the studies, and also for pursuing them on equal terms with their associates who have obtained the bachelor's degree. The young women, accordingly, who will be received will be of an age and at a stage of development and progress which are beyond the undergraduate period. They will be, like the young men of the graduate department, persons who are giving themselves to special studies much after the same manner as professional students who devote themselves to the work of the professional schools. They will thus be persons of serious purpose who have the true ends of the higher education in view, and intend faithfully and earnestly to do what may be necessary for the realization of these ends. For such persons, whether young men or young women, the privileges of the graduate department of the university will hereafter be open. The action of the university will accordingly secure, for the graduates of the colleges for young women, the opportunities and advantages which such an institution of learning, in its graduate or post-graduate department, affords—one of the largest and oldest institutions in the country. There will be no competition with these colleges for women in their own special field, and no establishment of what may be regarded as courses in every sense parallel with theirs. The action will involve nothing which can in any way interfere with or stand in opposition to their work; but it will have the tendency, in all respects, to help and supplement what they are doing. The university will, as it is believed, be brought into the best sort of co-operation with the best of these colleges in promoting the cause of the highest education of women. This result will be accomplished, also, without incurring any of the dangers or possible evils which, to many minds, appear to be attendant upon the union of young men and young women in undergraduate classes. The opportunities and advantages which will be afforded to those who may avail themselves of them will be manifest to all re-

flecting persons. An institution like Yale University, by reason of its long-continued growth, its honorable history, its large resources of various kinds, its body of able professors, and its valuable libraries, must of necessity be one of the best places for study which can anywhere be found. The graduate student who pursues his studies in such an institution, abides under the most favorable influences for his intellectual life. He has everything at command which may stimulate his energy and kindle his enthusiasm; he is surrounded and impelled forward by an energetic and enthusiastic company of fellow-students; he comes into the happiest and most helpful relations in the matter of studies with the teachers, who are competent to do for him all that he needs; he has all facilities for the investigation of special subjects and the preparation of these under the wisest guidance and advice. The securing of such advantages for the graduates of the colleges for women must, in the judgment of the authorities of Yale University, be a good whose value can scarcely be overestimated, and at the same time a good upon which no counterbalancing or appreciable evil can be attendant."

---

The anarchists have thoroughly alarmed Europe by their agitations and use of dynamite in a dozen different places. France has been the particular scene of their outrages, and the innocent have been made to suffer as an example of the secret power which, thanks to the progress of science and invention, a few bloodthirsty individuals may wield. There is hardly a civilized country which does not harbor these criminals. They are shunted by fear of the law from one place to another, their demonstrations being directed invariably upon the defenceless. To this day they have accomplished no purpose but to dye their hands with the blood of their fellow-men. The dignity of fighting even for a wrong or foolish opinion cannot be accorded them. They possess simply and solely thus far the doubtful merit of having instilled fear into the breasts of the timid, and a wholesome resolve on the part of the most liberal people of the earth to trample upon their persons wherever found. A weak-kneed jury in the trial of Ravachol has been universally condemned, a concession which was flattering to agitators far and wide, but the prompt and uncompromising condemnation of judge and jury alike by the world at large shows that people are in

no temper to put up with a repetition of such scenes. General indignation at occurrences of the kind, and failure to accomplish even a bad purpose, are discouragements under which any public or political movement would find it hard to succeed. Prompt action by the authorities in the Haymarket atrocities in Chicago in 1886 had a salutary effect, when five anarchist leaders were hanged. Since then the scene of anarchistic labors has moved to France, with the result of a decided miscarriage of justice, prompted by fear of personal injury. In the May number of the *New Review*, Stepniak claims, however, that the Chicago hanging had no other result than to add to anarchist oratory and agitation, a state of things which is manifestly not true. He also confesses in the same article to the practical failure of the indiscriminate use of dynamite as an ally. "The dynamite fraction," he says, "cannot possibly become a serious danger. The few earnest, deluded men belonging to it will play the same pitiful part as to-day, exhausting themselves in the inglorious efforts of inflicting upon themselves, 'for the glory of God,' a sort of moral self-mutilation. The head and front of the fraction will be composed of Ravachols, and the Ravachols cannot be more dangerous than the Deemings." While Stepniak places the destructive anarchist on a par with the murderer, Dr. H. S. Williams, medical superintendent at the famous Randall's Island Asylum, classes him with the paranoiacs, or "cranks" as they have become popularly known. Here he finds company with a host of misguided persons. In the June number of the *North American Review*, Dr. Williams analyzes the "crank" of modern times as a new development of insanity, his power for evil varying with his development. "Usually, from time to time," he explains, "it suits his fancy to devote his energies to the cause of some reform league for revolutionizing society or the government. If his native temperament be amiable, he will be simply a fanatic, perhaps a socialist; if vicious, he will probably become an anarchist. He is usually nothing if not progressive, and a new fad, especially if it be an occult one, is meat and drink to him. Revivalism, spiritualism, faith-cure, Christian science, theosophy, are his pastimes. In short, everything that is vague, visionary, occult, finds a following—often the originator—among the paranoiac ranks. They will propagandize these ideas from the house-tops, but their own personal de-

lusions are usually kept sacredly locked in their own bosoms. But their eccentricities of manner and speech usually cause their sanity to be called in question from time to time. If because of outrageous conduct they are placed in an asylum, often some acquaintance, regarding them as sane, stands ready with a writ of habeas corpus. And when brought before the sheriff's jury, they are usually discharged as perfectly sane. There are numbers of them at large in the community to-day, planning and, from time to time, executing such crimes as have already been cited, who have been released from one asylum or another by juries who believed that they did their duty. No doubt the average juror judges honestly in these cases according to his light, but his light is very dim."

An article by Poultney Bigelow, in the May number of the *Contemporary Review*, upon Bismarck, is likely to attract attention. Mr. Bigelow, a son of John Bigelow, formerly American minister at Berlin, enjoyed during his younger years an exceptional intimacy with the present German emperor, which has since ripened into a close friendship. On several occasions he has appeared in the types as an apologist for William Second, for whom it has been supposed that he spoke with some authority. The Bismarck article is a reply to one which appeared in the April number of the *Contemporary*, called William. The emperor was anonymously assailed, apparently by some follower of Bismarck who desired the return of the chancellor to power. The counter-thrust which Mr. Bigelow delivers, holds up the former chancellor to public gaze as a person unfit to be recalled to the high post he once held, attacks his colonial policy, accuses him of Polish intrigues, of a failure to accomplish any good by his policy of protection, of encouraging socialism, of being unable to pacify the French, and of glorying in a United Germany which he did little to foster. The closing paragraph of the article accuses Bismarck of unprofessional conduct. "Bismarck has spent much of his leisure since his retirement in interviewing newspaper reporters, and spreading views calculated to embarrass his successor in office, and to prejudice the people against their sovereign. Had any one during his years of rule dared to attack him as he has been recently attacking his emperor and Caprivi, that person would have been arrested for *lese-Bismarck*. The present emperor has,

however, taken no notice of his late minister's unprofessional behavior. The resignation took place on March 20th, 1890. He left the Wilhelmstrasse for his country-seat one week from that date, exclaiming theatrically, 'Le roi me reverra'—and he did, but only in print. For no sooner was he settled in Friedrichsruhe than the Daily News of Hamburg commenced abusing Caprivi's work with strange heartiness, and speaking for Bismarck with all the assurance of an officially subsidized sheet. Before the end of April, he had commenced dictating *interviews* to American, French, Russian, and English papers, all in the same tone of undignified complaint. Deputations of every description he received with open arms, and never failed to tell them the same tale of evil prophecy. Oddly enough, no German paper 'interviewed' him until July, when he expressed great disgust at the Heligoland arrangement of the emperor. He complained bitterly that the papers, previously servile, now joined in ignoring his very existence; he apparently did not see that he it was who had made them servile, and that generosity does not keep company with servility. And although several seats in parliament fell vacant, it was striking that no great effort was made to have him elected—at least for a long time after his fall. In fact, if the emperor ever before had doubts in regard to the dismissal, they must have been effectually removed by noting to what small proportions the mighty minister has shrunk when relieved of the office which gave him such monstrous padding. Compare him for a moment with such ministers as Stein and Hardenberg, who also had their periods of retirement!"

---

No event has been looked forward to in the history of inventions more eagerly than the end of the patents which cover the telephone in America, which should expire in 1896. By virtue of the monopoly which the patent-law gives to the patentee, the telephone has proved a mine of wealth to its owners, while subscribers to the use of it have frequently complained of the high cost of the service. It might have proved better policy to have been more modest in these demands, yet this is a criticism which is wholly gratuitous, the price exacted depending absolutely upon what people will pay. An exorbitant fee means a smaller number of consumers, a small fee a larger number. If the fee is so high

as to be exclusive, the revenues are correspondingly decreased, and the owners of the invention suffer. In the case of the telephone, this has not been the case. Its profits have been colossal, and the policy it has adopted has proved financially all that could be expected. Nevertheless, the limit to the life of the patents has been eagerly looked forward to, and reasonably, for when thrown open to the use of the world, cheaper rates and a more common use would follow. The issuing, on the eve of the expiration of the fundamental patents, of three important patents for improvements which are essential to a perfect telephone, have led to the belief that the company which now controls telephony in the United States, will continue to do so for seventeen years to come. Litigation has been predicted as a consequence, a prospect which a vast corporation can make both interesting and endless.

Among the acts of our Congress which are of more than local importance is the passage of the anti-Chinese bill during the past month. The bill is a renewal of former restrictive legislation with clauses requiring a registration of all the Chinamen in the country. The bill has met with a great deal of criticism from the more intelligent writers of the country. There are, nevertheless, among thinking men, many who argue against the giving of an asylum to those who are unwilling to amalgamate with the natives, and it is no longer the "sandlot" orators alone who lift their voices against the admission of the cheap labor of the East. Socially speaking, the Chinaman brings with him, not alone objectionable features, but he is not a genuine emigrant. He is on a par with the contract laborer, against whom legislation has been successfully directed. So much for those who favor exclusion. Against the complete exclusion of Mongolians, on the other hand, there has been a great deal said, especially by religious bodies and the religious press. The Methodists have been particularly severe in their censure of the new act. It has been termed "barbarous," "a disgrace," and by other similar epithets. The opponents are well represented by the Christian Union, which sums up the question by saying that: "By this bill we have practically dubbed all Chinamen as on a par with criminals, and permitted their freedom only as 'ticket-of-leave' men. The law is a flagrant violation of treaty obligations, without any previous negotiations for a modification

*Chinese  
Bill*

or abolition of the treaty. Both parties have tumbled over each other in their eagerness to bid for the anti-Chinese vote, and the bill has been passed in spite of earnest and honorable protests against it by statesmen in both House and Senate."

---

The society of New York, taken as a representative of the best in the United States, forms the subject of a series of studies by Mayo W. Hazeltine in the *Nineteenth Century* for May. It presents to English readers a new aspect of a topic which has been handled rather with ridicule than with seriousness heretofore. The existence in America of a society in which the refinements of older countries were aped has been acknowledged, but it is really only in recent years that an individual society of really brilliant exterior has attracted attention. Wealth has been a prerequisite to admission into this society, and not without reason, for society, in the sense in which Europeans understand it, means a surrounding which can be attained only through lavish expenditure. All the graces of intellect, the natural pride in a good lineage, and the utmost charms of person are delightful things to meet with, but are as nothing compared to opulence in a society which aims to emulate the salons, the manners, and the doings of those who have added splendor to the past and in which wealth and luxury have had no inconsiderable part. On a par with this ambition has been the pursuit on the part of American mothers and daughters of the titillations known only to those who wear titles, even the most tattered of them. There can be no doubt but that the suggestion of Mr. Hazeltine that for such as these there should, in a democratic community, be imposed a penalty, as there is for the eating of opium, is a proper one. Such persons may be looked upon as misguided, however, and in no way representative of the latest tendencies which are to establish a democratic society in America which shall rival any of the Old World. In default of an aristocracy of birth, one of wealth does not preclude the attainment of equally brilliant conquest; such, at all events, is the social problem recently developed in New York. The enormous fortunes which are to be found in the metropolis are many of them as great as those of the crowned heads of Europe. There are six residents "whose incomes are equal to the civil list of the emperor of Austria," a dozen who can vie with Queen Victoria, and a host who can compare their

incomes with those who have inherited limitless estates in Europe. The desire to spend these great incomes is responsible for the new order of things. The person who has acquired a great treasure finds it sometimes difficult to spend it except in association with others who will encourage the act. This the emulation of social intercourse accomplishes, and yet it need not be the only object in view. A society backed up by wealth can make itself exclusive by surrounding itself with rules and requirements of the most rigid kind. Such Mr. Hazeltine believes to be the ruling society of New York to-day. He finds that a place for the *grande dame* has been created, and every evidence that an exclusive society of wealth is growing under democratic rule.

---

The West has been the scene of few more barbarous things, it appears, than the cattle-raising industry. Julian Ralph is authority for the statement, in the June Harper's Magazine, that from the fields of Texas, "where the ingenious fiends in the cattle business snip off the horns of the animals below the quick," to the Chicago stock-yards the cattle business is accompanied with the utmost cruelties, while the outlook for those who follow the business is growing less and less enticing. He says: "The reader would not suppose there was cruelty in the mere feeding of cattle on the plains; but let him go to Montana, and talk with the people there, and he will shudder at what he hears. The cattle-owners or cowmen are in Wall Street and the south of France or in Florida in the winter, but their cattle are on the wintry fields, where every now and then, say once in four years, half of them, or eighty per cent, or one in three (as it happens) starve to death because of their inability to get at the grass under the snow. A horse or a mule can dig down to the grass. Those animals have a joint in their legs which the horned cattle do not possess, and which enables those animals which possess it to 'paw.' Sheep are taken to especial winter grounds and watched over. But the cowmen do business on the principle that the gains in good years far more than offset the losses in bad years, and so, when the bad years come, the poor beasts die by the thousands—totter along until they fall down, the living always trying to reach the body of a dead one to fall upon, and then they freeze to death, a fate that never befalls a steer or cow when it can get food. Already, on

some of the ranges, the 'cowmen' (cattle-owners) are growing tired of relying upon Providence to superintend their business, and they are sending men to look after the herds once a month, and to pick out the calves and weaker cattle and drive them to where hay is stored. By spring-time one in every fifteen or twenty in large herds will have been cared for in this way. In far eastern Montana range-feeding in large herds will long continue; but in at least five-sevenths of the State, irrigation and the cultivation of the soil will soon end it. The hills and upper benches, all covered with self-curing bunch grass, will still remain, and will forever be used for the maintenance of small herds of cows and sheep, properly attended and provided with corrals and hay, against the times when the beasts must be fed. The farmers will undoubtedly go into cattle-raising, and dairy-farming is certain to be a great item in the State's resources, since the hills are beside every future farm, and the most provision that will be needed will be that of a little hay for stocking the winter corrals. Last year the cattle business in Montana was worth ten millions of dollars to the owners of the herds. 'Providence was on deck,' as the cowboys would say."

---

The need of rapid transit in all modern cities of any size has become so manifest, that an outline of the most perfect method for general use must include all the latest appliances, and must connect the business centre with the suburbs in all directions. The second of a series of articles upon this topic appears in Scribner's Magazine for June and is written by the well-known engineer, Thomas C. Clarke. He argues for a combination of methods, one for suburban traffic, a second for that within the city limits, and a third for the more congested streets. "Beginning," he says, "in the suburbs, we should have the present electric or cable surface railways—where there is not sufficient movement of ordinary vehicles to prevent a progress of nine to ten miles per hour, or even more. As soon as that part of the city is reached where a slower speed becomes necessary, the cars should ascend upon an elevated railway and run on it until either narrower streets, or any other reason, makes this kind of line objectionable. Then the line should descend from elevated to subway and pass under that part of the city where an elevated line would be inadmissible. After passing this, the line may rise again

to elevated and again descend to the street level. All these changes would not always be necessary. There is no reason why this cannot be done by either cable motors drawing trailing cars after them, or by cars each carrying its own electric motor. Not only do the smaller electric cars in Boston, but the great double-deck Pullman car, carrying thirty passengers below, thirty on deck, ascend six-per-cent grades with ease. If it is desirable to run electric cars in trains, each should be supplied with its own motor, and all be connected and worked by one motor man at the end. It is true that the wheels of the old horse-cars, which have small flanges, would not allow them to run safely on an elevated structure. But safe wheels could easily be made, and, as a matter of fact, the wheels of the double-deck Pullman street car are amply strong and safe enough." Mr. Clarke concludes his article with a reference to the granting of charters to the companies operating such a system of lines. He favors the plan of lending the city's funds to such companies as are given charters, at low rates of interest, in return for which such companies should be held strictly to perform their duties to the public. Such duties are: "1. To run cars as often as the public service demands, and extend their lines when the public service demands. In case of disagreement the matter should be settled by arbitration. 2. To charge uniform fares for all distances, and but one single fare, all over the city or town limits. Even where there are many companies, interchanges should be free. 3. To run at agreed-on rates of speed, maintain clean and well-lighted cars, properly heated in winter, and having all modern improvements. 4. To use that form of rail which interferes least with ordinary traffic, and to keep the pavements clean and in order between the outer lines of rails. 5. To pay an annual rental for the right of way."

---

The history of Nationalism, which was practically founded by Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, is given an older origin by the author in the *June North American*. He says that it dates back to the forties, and he claims for it kinship with the wars of socialism which established the famous old Brook Farm Colony and a score of other communal experiments. Nationalism, which has survived some of these, is the principle of "government by the equal voice of all, for

*Nationalism*

the equal benefit of all." It believes that capital and labor should be nationalized and administered by the people as a whole. After the earlier experiments, many of which have proved failures, and the stress of the civil war had passed, the believers in socialism welcomed a number of ideas, but none had greater success than Bellamy's plan as he elaborated it in his book. Clubs were organized all over the country, as many as one hundred and fifty having been brought into existence, whose purpose has been to work for the spread of Bellamy's doctrines. This they are attending to with considerable energy, and Mr. Bellamy points with some pride to the impetus he has given to the thought of the country in the economic field. "The full programme of Nationalism," he writes, "involving the entire substitution of public for private conduct of all business, for the equal benefit of all, is not indeed advocated by any considerable number of economists or prominent writers. They discuss chiefly details of the general problem, but, in so far as they propose remedies, it is significant that they always take the form of state and national management of business. It would not probably be too strong a statement to say that the majority of the younger schools of political economists and economic writers on that subject now regard with favor State conduct of what they call 'natural monopolies,' that is to say, telegraphs, telephones, railroads, local-transit lines, water-works, municipal lighting, etc. 'Natural monopolies' are distinguished by this school as businesses in which the conditions practically exclude competition. Owing to the progress of the trusts and syndicates, businesses not natural monopolies are rapidly being made artificial ones with the effect of equally excluding competition. If the economists of the 'natural monopoly' school follow the logic of their method they are bound, in proportion as the progress of artificial monopolization abolishes their distinction, to become full-fledged Nationalists, as in spirit and tendency they now are."

---

Among Americans, food is not regarded merely as nutrition, and seldom does one see an established rate of diet in a family. In a certain sense, appetite is indulged to the extent of "what I like, and what I do not like." The child's excessive love for sugar and bon-bons is no more to be re-proved than the elder's love for a more substantial diet.

Health and strength are dependent upon diet, as all physicians assert, but the average life is too busy to think out proper fare, and so we trust ourselves to the tender mercies of cooks and housekeepers, with all the confidence and unwavering faith of childhood. "We have," says Mr. W. O. Atwater, in an article in the June Forum, on *What the Coming Man Will Eat*, "relatively too little of the protein or flesh-forming substances, like the lean of meat and fish and the gluten of wheat, which make muscle and sinew, and which are the basis of blood, bone, and brain. It would be folly to expect that the public at large are to become experts in the chemistry and physiology of nutrition, but we may hope with the advance of science the main facts will come to be a part of that common knowledge, or inherited sense, as some like to call it, that actuates the conduct of thoughtful people. The greatest waste in cooking," decides the author, "is in the fuel used; only a very small fraction of the heat developed is really applied to the food." If a few of our busy housewives read this, there will be a new set of rules in the culinary department. Cooks will have to be obtained with an average amount of intelligence, and their knowledge rated like pupils in a school. "I must take," continues Mr. Atwater, "a different view of food from that to which we are accustomed, and consider, not the food, as a whole, but the nutriment it actually contains, which is a very different thing. We must take account of its chemical composition, its nutritive ingredients, and the ways in which they are used to nourish our bodies. We must talk, not of beef and bread and potatoes, but of protein, carbohydrates, and fats. The myosin which forms the basis of lean meat and of the flesh of fish, the ossein of bone, albumen of egg, casein of milk, gluten of wheat, and the like, are protein. Carbohydrates do not occur to any extent in meats and fish, but are found in milk, as milk-sugar, and are the chief nutritive ingredients of vegetable foods. The mineral waters, and water also, are necessary for nourishment. Food nourishes our bodies in two ways: it builds and repairs our tissues, and it serves for fuel to keep the body warm and to give it force and strength to do its work. The protein compounds are the building-materials. Considering the body as a machine, there must be material to make it and keep it in repair, and fuel to supply heat and power. If there is not food enough, or the nutri-

ents are not in the right proportions, the body will be weak in its structure and inefficient in its work. If there is too much, damage to health will result." Again, Mr. Atwater gives us a lesson in economy—economy as regards health and the selection of diet. It is generally regarded that the most expensive dishes are the best; it is true their flavor may be toothsome, but not always safely adapted to the wants of the user. "A cook," says the writer, "who understands, can make a toothsome dish from a cheap cut of beef; one who does not, can spoil a tenderloin." Which is very true. And in the humdrum of our busy dollar-making life, these questions will agitate our intelligences and spread reform. "How," concludes Mr. Atwater, "shall the coming man be nourished? If he follows the teachings which the science of nutrition will supply and the teachings of economy will enforce, his diet will be better fitted to his wants. If his work be intellectual, he will avoid excess. If it be physical, he will have enough to make the most of himself and his work. He will learn to economize in the purchase and use of his food, and devote that part of his income which he saves thereby to meeting his higher needs. We may hope for the best culture, not of the intellectual powers, but of the higher Christian graces in the minds and hearts of men, in proportion as the care of their bodies is provided for." Could thought be more active than in this direction? A rigid observance of the laws set forth will result in long life and the pleasures it affords.

## ART, MUSIC, AND DRAMA

MATCHLESS DOORS.....THE NEW YORK TIMES

The bronze entrance grilles for the residence of William K. Vanderbilt, at Newport, which were designed by Richard M. Hunt, are now practically finished and on exhibition at the works of John Williams, West Twenty-seventh Street. These grilles compose the doors and doorway to be set in the front wall of the famous Marble House, which has been building for Mr. Vanderbilt for the last year or two, and is now approaching completion. The house stands in Bellevue Avenue, facing the cliffs, and the approach is by a double-curved driveway, called the "Horseshoe," whose arms slope upward gently to the terrace in front of the house. The broad central portico, supported by tall marble columns, is seen from the street above the front terrace-wall much as the back portico of the White House appears, except that the Vanderbilt portico is not built in a bay. At the back of this portico is to be set this magnificent doorway, which is the finest piece of work of this character ever turned out in the United States, and which is of greater merit than many much-praised examples of such work in Europe. Nothing like it has ever been attempted here before. The bronze doors of Trinity, and the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington, are held to be standards for modelled work in bronze, but these grilles are of totally different character, being remarkable for composition, forging, and finishing. Allard & Co., the metal workers, of Paris, who are doing the stair railing and other work in the interior of Mr. Vanderbilt's house, competed for these grilles. Since the grilles were completed, the head of the house of Allard & Co. has inspected them and expressed enthusiastic admiration of the work. The total cost of the work upon the doors and doorway is about forty thousand dollars, and ten thousand dollars will be paid for the bronze railing and ten large candelabra to be placed along the terraces on the approaches. The grilles are of bronze and forged steel. While part of the work was designed to be executed in wrought iron, no iron of sufficient fineness could be found, and a soft steel was substituted, which has taken the exquisite finish of a gun-barrel, toned to a velvety black, very soft and lustrous. The height from

the stone tread to the top of the metalwork is sixteen feet, and the breadth over all is twenty-five feet four inches from column to column. The gate itself swings ten feet eight inches high, opening six feet one and one-half inches, giving a total opening of twelve feet three inches. The work is divided by solid bronze columns into four panels, two permanent on the outside, and the two next the centre forming the doors. Each panel is made in three parts, two of which swing on hinges like the leaves of a book. The front one is made of bronze and is stationary. The middle one is merely the frame to hold a great sheet of plate-glass. The back one is of steel, and in pattern is an exact duplicate of the bronze front. The designs in the panels have been adapted by Mr. Hunt from separate details in the palace of Louis XIV. at Versailles. Right-angled upright bars form the framework for central metalwork of great beauty and simplicity. Flowers and elaborate leafwork are imposed upon the bronze and steel bars of the outer and inner grilles. The bronze front is of a uniform "statue green," so dark as to carry the effect of black. The bronze ornaments upon the steel bars of the back grilles are heavily plated with gold. The weight of each gate is about one and a half tons, and no hinges could properly carry it. The gates are therefore set upon pivots at the top and bottom, and the same method is employed in all the swings in the detail of the panels. The bronze flower and leaf work is of the most elaborate and artistic quality. No model made of a soft material could be hollowed out sufficiently, without breaking, to give the effect of a long, curving frond, with leaf edges waved and turned in different directions. Therefore, for many of the more complicated designs, iron plates were driven and wrought by hand into the proper shape, and bronze castings made from them. In other cases the design was made in parts, each detail finished by itself, and the various parts afterward brazed together. By these means especially beautiful effects have been produced. Each large panel is to be glazed with a single sheet of plate-glass of a pale amber color. The choice of a stained glass instead of pure crystal was made in order to avoid the necessity of hanging any curtains against such a piece of metalwork. In the centre of each gate is an oval opening about two feet long containing a monogram of the letters W. V. in carved bars of metal. These corre-

spond to those in the ironwork of Louis XIV.'s chapel at Versailles. In the centre of the side panels are copies of the original medallions at Versailles, containing a child's head giving out sun rays, which typified the king's idea that all glory and radiance proceeded from his royal house, the child's head being a portrait of his son. Over each panel is a rectangular piece of metalwork elaborated in arabesques. Over the front of each gate is a lion's head. At each side of the panels flanking the gates, fluted bronze columns rise from pediment to cornice. A garland of flowers is twined spirally about each column. The whole work has been made as carefully as a watch. The gates are hung so well that, notwithstanding their great weight, they can be pushed open easily with one hand, and when they are closed the crack between them will admit the edge of a single leaf of writing paper, but not a folded sheet. This detail, however, is a little piece of pardonable swagger on the part of the makers. When the grilles are set in place in Mr. Vanderbilt's house, the doors will be made to shut a trifle less closely in order to avoid any possible friction from expansion or other cause. The weight of the whole thing is about ten tons. The work was started a little more than a year ago.

THE FALL OF BASTIEN LEPAGE.....THE SPEAKER

I have not read anything on the subject of painting more interesting and instructive than Mr. Sickert's essay (on Modern Realism), and I wish all my readers would read it, for it would enable them to enter into and understand the artistic questions I raise in these columns. Here is a passage which strikes one as being quite admirable:

. . . It was thought meritorious and conducive to truth, and in every way manly and estimable, for the painter to take a large canvas out into the fields and to execute his final picture in hourly *l'été-à-l'été* with nature. This practice at once restricts your possible choice of subject. The sun moves too quickly. You find that gray weather is more possible, and end by never working in any other. Grouping with any approach to naturalness is found to be impossible. You find that you had better confine your compositions to a single figure; and, with a little experience, the photo-realist finds, if he be wise, that the single figure had better be in repose. Even then your picture necessarily becomes a portrait of a model posing by the hour. The illumination, instead of being that of a north light in Newman Street, is, it is true, the illu-

mination of a Cornish or Breton sky. Your subject is a real peasant in his own natural surroundings, and not a model from Hatton Garden. But what is he doing? He is posing for a picture as best he can, and he looks it. That woman stooping to put potatoes into a sack will never rise again. The potatoes, portraits every one, will never drop into the sack; and never a breath of air circulates round that painful rendering in the flat of the authentic patches on the very gown of a real peasant. What are the truths you have gained? A handful of tiresome little facts compared to the truths you have lost? To life and spirit, light and air?

Poor Bastien! time has dealt hardly with you. Only a few years ago your name was on every lip, and now—at least, among artists—it is nearly forgotten. Once you were all the fashion, truly you were; but then, great men are never all the fashion: they are never even in the fashion; and looking at *A Little Sweep*, I must fain confess that its date is stamped upon it with the accuracy of a page of *Le Follet* or *Le Moniteur à la Mode*. That was fashionable painting in such a year! And this is how Mr. Sickert speaks of the celebrated *Joan of Arc*:

In the composition, or in what modern critics prefer to call the placing, there is neither grace nor strangeness. The drawing is without profundity or novelty of observation, the color is uninteresting, and the execution is the usual mechanical obtrusive, square-brush-work of the Parisian school of art. Dramatically the leading figure is not impressive or even lucid, and the helpless introduction of the visionary figures completes the conviction that it was an error of judgment for a painter with the limitations of Lepage to burden a touching and sanctified legend with commonplace illustration. A faithful copy of so strange and interesting a subject as Mme. Sarah Bernhardt cannot fail to be a valuable document, but Lepage's portrait has surely missed altogether the delicacy of the exquisitely spiritual profile. The *format* of the little panel portrait of the Prince of Wales evoked in the press the obviously invited reference to Clouet. The ready writer cannot have looked at so much as a pearl in the necklace of one of Clouet's princesses.

To criticism so pungent and so profound it would be superfluous and impertinent to add another word. Mr. Sickert gives the essential truth in as clear and concise a form as it is possible to imagine. Another god overthrown, another god whose feet were clay has fallen, and ten years ago this poor god seemed secure enough; he stood high in the Temple of

Fame; and now he is no more than a few shattered fragments that a few years will convert into vanishing dust. Time, Time, there is no judge but thee! Time is the only critic—or let us say that time is an essential party to the judging of a work of art. Time must rub away the varnish of the actual hour before we can see into the heart of things. There is a fascination in all that is of the present hour that blinds our eyes; the present hour is but a dazzling appearance; we see only the surface, the painted surface that thrills and intralls us; but to see of what the toy is made, whether of cardboard, ivory, marble, or gold, the light of another hour is required.

OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS..... JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.... HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Who, then, were the Old English dramatists? They were a score or so of literary bohemians, for the most part, living from hand to mouth in London during the last twenty years of the sixteenth century and the first thirty years of the seventeenth, of the personal history of most of whom we fortunately know little, and who, by their good luck in being born into an unsophisticated age, have written a few things so well that they seem to have written themselves. Poor, nearly all of them, they have left us a fine estate in the realm of Faery. Among them were three or four men of genius. A comrade of theirs by his calling, but set apart from them alike by the splendor of his endowments and the more equable balance of his temperament, was that divine apparition known to mortals as Shakespeare. The civil war put an end to their activity. The last of them, in the direct line, was James Shirley, remembered chiefly for lines from the last stanza of a song of his in *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, which have become a proverb:

"Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

It is a nobly simple piece of verse, with the slow and solemn cadence of a funeral march. The hint of it seems to have been taken from a passage in that droningly dreary book, the *Mirror for Magistrates*. This little poem is one of the best instances of the good fortune of the men of that age in the unconscious simplicity and gladness (I know not what else to call it) of their vocabulary. The language, so to speak, had just learned to go alone, and found a joy in its own mere motion, which it lost as it grew older, and to walk was no

longer a marvel. Nothing in the history of literature seems more startling than the sudden spring with which English poetry blossomed in the later years of Elizabeth's reign. We may account for the seemingly unheralded apparition of a single genius like Dante or Chaucer by the genius itself; for, given that, everything else is possible. But even in such cases as these much must have gone before to make the genius available when it came. For the production of great literature there must be already a language ductile to all the varying moods of expression. There must be a certain amount of culture, or the stimulus of sympathy would be wanting. If, as Horace tells us, the heroes who lived before Agamemnon have perished for want of a poet to celebrate them, so doubtless many poets have gone dumb to their graves, or, at any rate, have uttered themselves imperfectly, for lack of a fitting vehicle or of an amiable atmosphere. Genius, to be sure, makes its own opportunity, but the circumstances must be there out of which it can be made. For instance, I cannot help feeling that Turol, or whoever was the author of the *Chanson de Roland*, was endowed with a rare epical faculty, and that he would have given more emphatic proof of it had it been possible for him to clothe his thought in a form equivalent to the vigor of his conception. Perhaps with more art he might have had less of that happy audacity of the first leap which Montaigne valued so highly; but would he not have gained could he have spoken to us in a verse as sonorous as the Greek hexameter, nay, even as sweet in its cadences, as variously voluble by its slurs and elisions, and withal as sharply edged and clean cut as the Italian pentameter? It is at least a question open to debate. Mr. Matthew Arnold taxes the *Song of Roland* with an entire want of the grand style; and this is true enough; but it has immense stores of courage and victory in it, as Taillefer proved at the battle of Hastings—yes, and touches of heroic pathos, too. Many things had slowly and silently concurred to make that singular pre-eminence of the Elizabethan literature possible. First of all was the growth of a national consciousness, made aware of itself and more cumulatively operative by the existence and safer accessibility of a national capital, to serve it both as head and heart. The want of such a focus of intellectual, political, and material activity has had more to do with the backwardness and provincialism of our own literature

than is generally taken into account. My friend Mr. Hosea Biglow ventured to affirm twenty odd years ago that we had at last arrived at this national consciousness through the convulsion of our civil war—a convulsion so violent as might well convince the members that they formed part of a common body. But I make bold to doubt whether that consciousness will ever be more than fitful and imperfect, whether it will ever, except in some moment of supreme crisis, pour itself into and re-enforce the individual consciousness in a way to make our literature feel itself of age and its own master till we shall have got a common head as well as a common body. It is not the size of a city that gives it this stimulating and expanding quality, but the fact that it sums up in itself and gathers all the moral and intellectual forces of the country in a single focus. London is still the metropolis of the British, as Paris of the French race. We admit this readily enough as regards Australia or Canada, but we willingly overlook it as regards ourselves. Washington is growing more national and more habitable every year, but it will never be a capital till every kind of culture is attainable there on as good terms as elsewhere. Why not on better than elsewhere? We are rich enough. Bismarck's first care has been the museums of Berlin. For a fiftieth part of the money Congress seems willing to waste in demoralizing the country, we might have had the Hamilton books and the far more precious Ashburnham manuscripts. Perhaps what formerly gave Boston its admitted literary supremacy was the fact that fifty years ago it was more truly a capital than any other American city. Edinburgh once held a similar position, with similar results. And yet how narrow Boston was! How scant a pasture it offered to the imagination! I have often mused on the dreary fate of the great painter who perished slowly of inanition over yonder in Cambridgeport, he who had known Coleridge and Lamb and Wordsworth, and who, if ever any,

"With immortal wine  
Should have been bathed and swum in more heart's ease  
Than there are waters in the Sestian seas."

#### THE STORY OF A PICTURE

A correspondent writing from Rome to the New York Tribune says that the sale of the treasures of the Pallazzo Borghese brought to light a famous picture which had been lost for

more than thirty years. In 1861 the monk Agostino Vogoqua, an inmate of the Dominican convent in San Leverino, stole from the convent walls a valued painting of Lorenzo Salimbeni representing the Virgin, St. Sebastian, and St. John. The monk went to Verona with the stolen property, and a year or two later was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. At the time of his trial he declined to say what had become of the work of art. The monk, however, had sold the painting to a citizen of Verona, who on his death-bed told his heirs that it would be found buried in the wall of a corner of his room. The heirs quarrelled over the possession of the painting, and the case was taken to court. But just as the court was about to confiscate the painting and restore it to its rightful owner, it disappeared again. Since then, until the day of the sale, it had not been seen. Among the visitors to the Borghese gallery, prior to the sale, was Signor Luzi and a member of the noble Guardo Luzi, who had formerly been a citizen of Verona, who recognized the Salimbeni Madonna among the other pictures offered for sale. He reported his discovery at once to the Commissioner of Art, who sent officers to seize the painting. The Madonna, it turns out, did not belong to the Borghese gallery at all, but had been placed among the pictures by the auctioneer in the hope that it would be sold at a higher price. He purchased it, he said, upon examination, from a dealer in a provincial city, and professed entire ignorance of its origin.

*SHALL WE HAVE ENDOWED OPERA? .....J. K. PAINE.....THE FORUM*

It is a satisfaction to note that America is outgrowing the hide-bound prejudices with regard to the musical art which have so long existed. We are a composite people, subject to influences from all nations, in which the German element predominates. The Puritan idea is fast disappearing under the more genial modern conceptions of life. In a country where business and practical matters in general are so pressing as in our own, we need, especially, recreation and diversion. It must be acknowledged that in most American cities life is apt to be dull. Public entertainments are well supplied so far as the concert and lecture-room are concerned, but neither these nor the theatre entirely fulfil the want of a large class of people of taste and refinement. The opera, if conducted here as it is in German cities, such as Dresden, Munich,

and Vienna, would appeal to all classes. In Europe, people of very small means are enabled to attend operatic performances. The scale of prices is arranged to meet the wants of every one, and thereby the opera serves to educate the taste and give an æsthetic pleasure to all, from the prince to the artisan, being thus a potent means of art culture. The one-sidedness of our cities is certainly patent to observers when they compare the conditions of life here with those that prevail in Europe. In the absence of such refined, elevating amusements a large number of Americans flock to Europe, partly in order to enjoy the great opportunities of hearing opera at Bayreuth, Paris, Vienna, and other cities. It is astonishing how many opportunities there are in comparatively small places in Europe to hear good opera. Not only in such centres as Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, but in cities like Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort, Stuttgart, Munich, Mannheim, Prague, Cassel, Leipsic, Brussels, and Cologne, standard works of all schools, German, French, and Italian, are produced in a most satisfactory manner. Though we of course cannot expect to outrival Europe in the universality of opera, yet our principal cities have the wealth, and ought to have the desire no longer to neglect this important factor of modern culture. Public efforts are constantly being made in this country to establish and build up our picture galleries, libraries, and institutions of learning; but the opera, which has its special function to perform as a means of culture, and which might exert quite as important and worthy an influence as any of these, is almost wholly neglected. In France and Germany, the government seems to regard music as well worthy of aid and promotion as the university and the public library or art gallery. It is not considered simply a diversion for people of leisure; the social element exists, but is not paramount in these countries, and the people at large take a serious view of it. Opera in England and America is conducted by managers whose interest in it is primarily a financial one, and who treat it on the whole as a matter of business speculation. This is a lamentable fact to those who realize that opera cannot be properly maintained if it is not conducted on artistic principles, any more than a university can be if not guided by trained educators. It needs either the support of the government, which shall build the opera-houses and grant subsidies, as is the case in France and Germany,

or the support of public-spirited individuals. It is unfortunate that the conditions of our government make it impossible for us to look to it for support of the opera and theatre, for democratic institutions, with all their virtues, seem not to be able to promote the fine arts by direct aid. Party feeling in this country is such that no opera or similar institution can apparently be established here on a firm footing and placed in the hands of the government, any more than in the case of our universities and colleges. The only way, therefore, to establish American opera would be by private endowment by one or more of our millionaires. They would thus do much to assist in the advancement of culture in this country. The first person to do this in America would immortalize himself. The opera would bear his name for all time. Surely he would be likely to gain more renown by this means than if he should swell the number of the already numerous founders of new "universities." Assuming that out of the increasing number of millionaires of this country there is at least one public-spirited man of large views who will be willing to rise to this emergency, let me consider the question where such an institution as I have suggested should be established. The two chief centres of musical culture in the United States are New York and Boston. Of these, New York is the more conspicuous as the place from which nearly all the large undertakings of a commercial or artistic sort emanate. Boston, however, may still be said to retain its reputation for its devotion to music, letters, and art. Chicago, also, is making a rapid advance in music; it possesses one of the finest orchestras in the world and the most complete public musical library in the United States. A permanent opera ought to be successfully established in any one of these three cities. It must be first established in the city which promises most for its support, and on its success will depend the establishment of opera in other cities which shall be modelled upon it.

*MODERN LIFE AND THE ARTISTIC SENSE ...WALTER CRANE...COSMOPOLITAN*

In past ages, the social and mental and commercial conditions of which we are in the habit of despising, men were at all events in the development of the artistic sense, to judge from the beauty of every accessory of their daily lives, far in advance of us moderns. Even primitive savages and Indians, in the justness of their choice and application of orna-

ment in some of the simplest things of daily use, show a taste which puts us to shame. All this appears to point to the conclusion that, in the pursuit of other objects, the modern world has lost to a great extent its sense of beauty. We are obviously grown quite careless about its public preservation or cultivation, not regarding it as a serious matter when compared to the supreme importance of money-making; which implies that the means of life are more thought of than the ends. Yet, regarding the development of the artistic sense from a purely utilitarian or practical point of view, it is perhaps the greatest socializing and humanizing influence we possess. If so, it would obviously be good political economy to take care of the pence in this matter—the current coin of beauty in every-day life and its aspects, allied to things of common use and of common handicraft; clean and well-designed dwellings; harmonious colors; trees and flowers; relief from degrading, because excessive, toil; leisure for refinement and thought. The multiplication of these things, the making them a common condition, would do more for the artistic sense of our people, on both sides of the Atlantic, than all the technical education in the world. Small causes produce great results; beauty is the sum of many qualities. America is often spoken of as a young country—a young woman with great expectations; no wonder the eyes of the world are upon her! But here in the States it seems that the most modern side of modern life has been developed, and is still developing to a greater extent than in any of the old countries, so that in many ways America may be said to be really older than the Old World—certainly in the application of machinery and the development of the business faculties, and in the working of unrestricted but unequal competition—that system of commercialism, in short, which encompasses us on every side, which leads to the differentiation and specializing of man's faculties in the individualistic struggle for existence. It is here joined hand to hand with utilitarianism, and the two giants have the world in an iron clutch. Their shield is monopoly; their sword is competition; their voice is the voice of the boomer. What chance has the still, small voice of art to be heard? When in the industrial war every man's hand must be against every other man's, what chance is there for the growth of that unity and harmony of sentiment, that sense of common life

and brotherhood, which is expressed in great public monuments? The poetic aspects of labor (especially the labors of the field) have at all times appealed very powerfully to the artistic sense, associated as they have always been with the drama of nature. Even utilitarianism and the mechanicalizing of labor have failed entirely to take away its significance. Honor to those modern painters who have been able to read and interpret it afresh! But the epic of modern toil has yet to be painted—with the circles of that lurid *inferno* of the mine, the factory, the forge, and the furnace of the ocean-liner, whereon rests the doubtful paradise of modern prosperity. My conclusions are, then: (1) that the restless and discordant aspects of much modern life, the result of certain economic conditions, are unfavorable to the development of a fine artistic sense; (2) that, while admitting that modern life is not without certain pictorial aspects, the exclusive study of pictorial aspect tends to produce indifference to the higher monumental and decorative kinds of design; and (3) that the economic conditions aforesaid discourage artistic sincerity and tend to reduce artistic production to the level of all other marketable commodities produced for profit rather than for use and enjoyment. Finally, if we regard art as an organic whole, an intellectual and emotional language as well as a record of visual impressions and a harmony of line, color, and form, we must look for its basis to the handicrafts, since, like a tree, it has sprung and drawn its true health and life in the best periods of its fruitfulness from the soil of good design and workmanship in architecture, and in the accessories and adornment of every-day life. From the close relationship and co-operation of generations of good craftsmen in all the arts of design, and by their associated and harmonious labors, has been reared the house of art in the past. It is my belief that only by a return to such unity, to such co-operation, can we hope to produce really beautiful works, and to make our art worthy to live after us as an enduring monument of our best thought.

THE TAX ON ART.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

Miss Kate Field, the strenuous advocate of the repeal of the tax on foreign works of art, makes a very strong plea, and has effectively promoted the organization of an art association, under whose auspices a congress and a national

loan exhibition of American paintings will be held in Washington on the 16th and 17th of May. Before 1861 there was no art tax. In 1861 a tax of ten per cent was laid as a war measure. Twenty-three years later, in profound peace, the tax was raised to thirty per cent. Of this performance Miss Field says:

The history of the passage of this thirty-per-cent measure is significant reading.

It was *not* advocated by the press.

It was *not* demanded by the people.

It was *not* recommended by the Tariff Commission.

*No* bill was introduced or considered.

*No* legislator proposed or advocated it.

Congressional requirements were not complied with.

Senate and House disagreed on details of a bill on general tariff.

The committee of conference *inserted two or three lines which were passed unnoticed*, March 3d, 1883.

Does not such a trick savor of dishonesty?

Taxation is justified by two reasons, revenue and protection. This increase, therefore, was an outrage; for revenue was not needed, and artists wanted no protection.

The law was disastrous. Duties fell from \$307,000 in 1883 to \$191,000 in 1884, a decline of forty per cent, while general trade only fell seven per cent, and jewels advanced.

The sales of American artists decreased; the demands for American art lessened. The export of paintings amounted to \$387,000 in 1883, and fell to \$176,000 in 1884. Foreign nations remonstrated, as well they might; for in Italy, France, Germany, and Russia art is free; while in all other countries, except Servia and those speaking Spanish, it is taxed only eight per cent.

The McKinley bill passed the House without the art clause. The Senate restored it, reducing it to fifteen per cent. The art association is designed to stimulate public sentiment to procure the repeal of this tax. The artists, we believe, almost without exception favor the repeal, an object to which Miss Field devotes her ability and energy, and in which she is supported by a distinguished body of citizens, both men and women. The object is one with which we sympathize and to which, we believe, even so good a protection journal as the New York Tribune does not refuse its good wishes.

## LYRICS AND SONNETS

MORNING IN CAMP.....HERBERT BASHFORD.....OVERLAND MONTHLY

A bed of ashes and a half-burned brand  
Now mark the spot where last night's camp-fire sprung  
And licked the dark with slender, scarlet tongue;  
The sea draws back from shores of yellow sand  
Nor speaks lest he awake the sleeping land;  
Tall trees grow out of shadows; high among  
Their sombre boughs one clear, sweet song is sung;  
In deep ravine by drooping cedars spanned  
All drowned in gloom, a flying pheasant's whirr  
Rends morning's solemn hush; gray rabbits run  
Across the clovered glade; then far away  
Upon a hill, each huge expectant fir  
Holds open arms in welcome to the sun—  
Great, pulsing heart of bold, advancing day.

A RESPONSE.....C. H. R.....BELFORD'S MONTHLY

The play was on: my lady entered late.  
Armed at all points, she slowly paced the aisle  
(She has each charm which can my heart beguile,  
Vain to resist; resistless, she, as Fate).  
Upon her breast clung clustering orchids rare,  
While rippling lengths of dusky, perfumed hair  
Lent its sweet fragrance to the amorous air.  
Long, curving lashes veiled the violet eyes  
That flashed at me a glance of swift surprise;  
As if my lady but that instant knew  
The slave who wears her chains was waiting there.  
Again drooped lashes hid the heavenly hue;  
Yet, though the curtained eyes grew dark as night,  
They answered mine—and all the world was light.

SLEEP.....ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.....HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Behold I lay in prison like St. Paul,  
Chained to two guards that both were grim and stout.  
All day they sat by me and held me thrall:  
The one was named Regret, the other Doubt.  
And through the twilight of that hopeless close  
There came an angel, shining suddenly,  
That took me by the hand, and as I rose

The chains grew soft and slipped away from me;  
 The doors gave back and swung without a sound,  
     Like petals of some magic flower unfurled.  
 I followed, treading o'er enchanted ground,  
     Into another and a kindlier world.  
 The master of that black and bolted keep  
 Thou knowest is Life; the angel's name is Sleep.

LOVE STRONG AS DEATH.....PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.....THE INDEPENDENT

Nay, say not, Sweet, that Love has turned away  
     Because one day  
 He gathered alien flowers while it was May;  
 For Love is Love, and cannot go that way.  
 Tho' little loves there be that dance and sing  
     And kiss and cling,  
 And praise the light and laughter of the spring,  
 But on dark days, like birds, forbear to sing;  
 Shall Love that bore the blast and did not fail  
     Now cower and quail—  
 Strong Love that blanched not then, to-day turn pale?  
 Nay, Love is Love, my own, and cannot fail.  
 Oh, could Love cease, or change, or pass away,  
     Then the soul's day  
 Would turn to night, unlit by any ray;  
 But Love, Sweetheart, can never pass away.

A LOVE NOTE.....FROM WILLIAM MORRIS' "POEMS BY THE WAY"

Do not forget me, dearest; all day long  
     I think of you, and wish the time more fleet;  
 My heart is always singing some sweet song,  
     And thinking of you makes my labor sweet.  
 And if the day seems anywise less bright—  
     More vexed with cares than I had thought 'twould be—  
 I think with joy of the approaching night  
     When the sweet stars shall guide my steps to thee.  
 One thought still whispers—sweeter evermore:  
     "Thou shalt behold her when the day is o'er!"  
 And so I shall; for you will watch and wait  
     When on the flowers the tears of twilight fall;  
 Sweet are the roses 'round your garden gate,  
     But you are still the sweetest rose of all!  
 And you are my rose—even my very own,

And to my life your beauty you impart;  
 Bloom sweetly still, but bloom for me alone,  
 And twine your tendrils closer 'round my heart.  
 Dear, I shall soon within your presence be,  
 And you are waiting with a kiss for me!

NEW ENGLAND.....LEWIS W. SMITH.....THE BRIDGEPORT STANDARD

Wherever thought is deep and strong,  
 Wherever conscience fights with wrong,  
 Wherever manhood dares to die  
 And womanhood is pure and high,  
 On mountain peak, or plain, or sea,  
 The soul's one cry must ever be:

Thank God for old New England.

The warrior's sword and poet's pen  
 Are thine to wield, but only when  
 The cause of right demands the blow,  
 When thou wouldst lay proud error low;  
 Then only does thy face of love  
 Grow dark with sternness from above,  
 O grandly great New England.

For those enslaved in life, in thought,  
 Thy blood, thy tongue, hath freedom bought,  
 The arm of justice in its might,  
 The thrilling voice of truth and right,  
 The patriot ardor, glowing warm  
 With courage calm in battle storm,  
 Are in thy name, New England.

CEASE, CEASE, REPROACHFUL EYES!....HERBERT P. HORNE...."DIVERSI COLORES"

Cease, cease, reproachful eyes! I have not done  
 Aught that should bring me ever this unrest.  
 Tell me my fault! Have end! Search, one by one,  
 All possible errors, which have Time possessed:  
 I swear you, naught upon me shall you prove,  
 Unless it be a fault in me to love.

Oh! were you here with me, that I might speak  
 No matter what unheeded words, and vain;  
 I would persuade me that the look I seek  
 Was given: but for me there must remain,  
 Beneath the one, unaltered guise,  
 This torture. Nay! Cease, cease, relentless eyes!

## SCIENTIFIC, HISTORIC, STATISTICAL

### *ACTUALITY OF THE SEA SERPENT*

That the sea serpent is a myth has been so generally believed that reference to it has come to be a stock in trade of humorists. An entertaining and serious account of the "great unknown" appears in the *June Century*, by J. B. Holder, who, after tracing the history of the appearance of a sea snake back to the catacombs of Rome, gives the testimony of reliable witnesses who have seen the creature at different times upon our coast. The remains of sea serpents prove that such animals have existed in the past, and that in shape they are serpentine or like the saurian. One of the best-attested instances of its appearance on our shores was in Massachusetts in the early part of the century, when a sea serpent was watched by hundreds of people from the shore and in boats, who have since given their testimony as to its shape and size. Mr. Holder quotes the testimony of a number of witnesses who were personally known to him, from which it appears in general that the animal was variously estimated at from fifty to one hundred feet long, in general appearance like a snake, but moving by an undulatory motion, thus showing at intervals a number of humps above the water. The head was raised several feet above, while the movement was rapid—equal to that of a steamer, the water showing white as it was parted by the protruding neck of the animal. In conclusion, Mr. Holder quotes the capture of a dead saurian on our coast:

In the spring of 1885 the Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Milwaukee, president of the United States Humane Society, chanced to visit, in the course of his duties, a remote and obscure portion of the Atlantic shores of Florida. While lying at anchor in New River Inlet, the flukes of the anchor became foul with what proved to be a carcass of considerable length. Mr. Gordon quickly observed that it was a vertebrate, and at first thought it probably a cetacean. But, on examination, it was seen to have features more suggestive of the saurians. Its total length was forty-two feet. Its girth was six feet. The head was absent; two flippers or fore-limbs were noticed, and a somewhat slender neck, which measured six feet in length. The carcass was in a state of decomposition; the abdomen was open and the intestines protruded. The striking slenderness of the thorax as compared with the great length of body and tail very naturally suggested to Mr. Gor-

don, whose reading served him well, the form of some of the great saurians whose bones have so frequently been found in several localities along the Atlantic coast. No cetacean known to science has such a slender body and such a well-marked and slender neck. All indications were suggestive of the great *enaliosauria*, and, appreciating the great importance of securing the entire carcass, Mr. Gordon had it hauled above high-water mark, and took all possible precautions to preserve the bones until they could be removed. Through his love of science, Mr. Gordon very kindly reported these facts, and our arrangements were most ample for the recovery and transportation of the bones to New York. Most unfortunately their presence was all too short. Mr. Gordon was impressed with the conviction that he had found the first flesh and frame of the hitherto elusive creature, which has been regarded as a tardy example of an extinct race. With no suitable implements at hand, he was obliged to trust its safe-keeping to the shore above tides. He counted without the treacherous hurricane; the waters of the "Still-vexed Bermoothes," envious of their own, recalled the strange waif. This was as unexpected as undesirable. The facts, however, remain.

#### OUR LOST PREHENSILE CAPABILITIES

In the May Nineteenth Century, Louis Robinson writes scientifically of the characteristics and the mechanism of the human hand and foot. For the science of the latter he begs to be permitted to coin a word—plantistry. Mr. Robinson reveals many strange and interesting phenomena, all of which can be readily understood by the average layman. The purpose of his article is to demonstrate that the human foot was originally a climbing organ, but, with a changed environment, has since become adapted to locomotion on the ground. "If, by any chance," says Mr. Robinson, "the structures of a human foot could be perfectly preserved, so as to come under the criticism of the pundit of an age as far remote in the future as the secondary epoch is in the past, it seems reasonable to speculate that, after much disputing between the Owens and Huxleys of that time, it might be concluded that quaternary man was an animal which was capable of fair progression on the ground, but whose usual habitat was among the branches of trees. In order to justify the wisdom of posterity, after suggesting the possibility of such a conclusion, it will be well briefly to review a few points of the internal structure of the foot, which would no doubt be dwelt on by the arboreal school in any dispute with the terres-

trialists. One might easily imagine that while the latter would hold fast by the bones and ligaments, the former would pin their faith to the muscles. The skeletal parts, showing the firm arch, the closely bound metatarsal bones, and the parallel position of the great toe, indicate a fitness to bear weight from above; yet even here it might be shown that there are few points of vital difference between apes and man, and the fact would doubtless be dwelt upon by the other side that, while each contiguous pair of the four outer toes have a common joint with the tarsus, the great toe, like a true thumb, has a separate articulation, indicating a certain measure of freedom and independence of movement. But it would be when the muscles and tendons come to be considered that the arborealists would carry all before them; for upon no possible grounds could these be explained as having been developed for the purposes of terrestrial locomotion. Nature does nothing in vain, and every item in the complicated structure of all organic beings has an origin arising from actual need, as definite as has any act in the statute-books, and, indeed, more so, for nature pays no heed to factious clamor and is absolutely indifferent to fads. It is possible that the need may long ago have ceased to exist, and yet the organ may remain in evidence. It is then known as a vestigial structure, and as such proves of inestimable value to the biologist as an historic record of ancestral habits of life. In the study of feet, it is convenient to mark out broadly two classes. In one the foot is used almost solely for locomotion, and the structure is, as a rule, correspondingly simple, because of the narrow limits of the duties required. To this class would belong the feet of nearly all the hoofed animals and of a few others of large bulk. The other class includes those feet which have several accessory functions and corresponding machinery, as, for instance, those of the feline tribe and others armed with elaborate claws. The extremities of all apes and other animals with a well-developed grasping power would have an even stronger claim to be put into the same category, owing to the extraordinary number and importance of the muscles which regulate the varied movements. It will also be seen that in the first class the mechanism, besides being simple, is uniformly of a robust type, since it all has to do with moving or sustaining the weight of the body. In the foot of the horse or camel there are, therefore, no fine

tendinous cords or small muscles. On the other hand, we find that where the functions are more varied, the motor apparatus is not only exceedingly complex, but often of great delicacy, so as to regulate the varied movements with the utmost precision. Especially is this the case where the extremities partake of the nature of hands and the several digits have more or less independent movements. Among the arboreal quadrumana the need of such complexity is clear. To walk or run upon the ground is comparatively a simple matter; for although the surface may be irregular, it is always fairly firm, and will support the weight as soon as the foot is set down, and the movements required for one step are repeated with little variation. That mere irregularity of surface will not produce a complicated mechanism is seen by examining the feet of such animals as the goat, mountain sheep, and chamois, which all obviously belong to the first division. Climbing, after the manner of cats and squirrels, by means of the claws holding on to the irregular bark of the trunks and larger limbs of trees, does not require any great versatility in the extremities, since the movement is much the same for all the digits at every stage of progress, and one piece of rough bark is very much like another. Indeed, a cat mounting a tree is practically running up hill, with the simple addition of the power to prevent itself from slipping at each step, and it is plain that for this purpose the only mechanism required beyond that of ordinary locomotion is the power to press the sharp claws firmly against the surface of the ascent. When, however, an animal of larger bulk finds it necessary to traverse the smaller branches with speed, and to pass from one tree to the next without descending to the ground, a very different means and mode of progression are requisite. It must be able continually to seize such means of support, of whatever nature, as may chance to be within reach, in such a manner as to secure itself from falling and to aid its onward course. It will be seen that this is an infinitely more difficult thing than to run over the most broken surface on *terra firma*. No two steps or stages of progress are alike, for in shape, direction, and distance apart the branches vary infinitely. The hand or hand-like foot must, therefore, be prepared at every moment to meet a new emergency and solve on the spot a fresh complicated problem in mechanics. At one instant it may seize a branch

which affords a firm hold, and the next the digits must gather and cling to a mere spray of fine twigs. Not only must the organ be prepared to grip a bough at any angle in such a manner as to aid the progress of the animal in the desired course, but it must be perpetually alert to change the manner of holding as ascent, descent, or other change of direction is necessary to secure the next practicable *point d'appui*. The use of delicate and quickly acting muscles, such as the lumbricales, here becomes apparent; for often in traversing the outer branches and in passing from tree to tree a number of fine sprays, sufficient collectively to afford safe hold, must be snatched together with the greatest rapidity before the stronger grasping muscles contract and commit the weight of the animal to the frail support. And all this must be done instantaneously, so as not to retard the speed in fleeing from arboreal foes, upon which the very existence of the animal would often depend. It must be remembered that each separate movement requires the employment of a distinct muscle or group of muscles, for a muscle acts simply by drawing together its two points of attachment either in the direction of the line of its own axis or in that regulated by the natural pulleys round which the tendons may pass. Hence we should expect to find on dissection that the tree-climbing animals, which depend upon the prehensile capabilities of their extremities to facilitate rapid movement from place to place among the slender branches, have an extremely elaborate muscular system connected with the fingers and toes; and, conversely, whenever complex mechanism adapted for such purposes is found to exist in these parts, arboreal habits, either past or present, are to be predicated with absolute certainty if there is any truth whatever in the laws of evolutionary development. It is therefore more than probable that the marvellous range and versatility of movement in the human hand, such as excites our wondering admiration in the pianist, the conjurer, and in the adepts in many other professions requiring manual quickness and dexterity, is traceable to the thousand-and-one emergencies which our ancestors managed to meet when they had to flee from cats and snakes among the tree-tops of the tropic forest. But what is to be said of the human foot, and into which of the two divisions suggested for convenient classification are we to place it? As far as its duties are concerned, the civilized foot is

a foot and naught else. Among certain savage tribes and some others, such as the Hindoos and Malays, the grasping power of the toes is utilized to some extent to pick up objects from the ground and for other simple purposes. It may be supposed, however, that in the long run this employment of the prehensile capabilities of the lower extremities has been a hindrance rather than a help to human progress, since we find that the more civilized man becomes, the more does he depend on his hands to assist him in the arts, and use his feet as means of locomotion only. It is interesting to note how the habits of civilization have taught man to imitate artificially nature's method among other purely terrestrial animals, and protect his feet with a stout covering resembling a hoof. Indeed, if we needed a convenient term to differentiate civilized man from all other beings, we might with some justice style him an *amateur ungulate*. It is therefore apparent that, if some creative force constructed all parts of the foot of man with some definite purpose in view, the intention did not include any great advance in the arts of civilization, and that the bootmaker is impiously contributing to our setting at naught the ends for which the organ was designed, since, by inclosing it in a more or less rigid leather case, we render most of the exquisitely elaborate apparatus conferred upon us for moving the phalanges quite useless. For although we must place the human foot according to its present functions among those almost exclusively used for terrestrial locomotion, its whole structure shows that it belongs emphatically to the most advanced section of the second class. Like the hand, it has an extraordinary number of muscles, which indicate a great range and variety of digital movements and which at one time must have been of the greatest importance in the struggle for existence."

*THE END OF TELEPHONE PATENTS.....PARK BENJAMIN IN THE EVENING POST*

The Bell Telephone Company has systematically advertised, for years, that it controls all the telephonic inventions of Mr. Edison; the issuance of these patents [three patents for improvements just issued to Edison] is the latest move of that astute and philanthropic corporation in the direction of maintaining its monopoly. It loses control of the broad art of transmitting speech electrically on March 7th, 1896, when the first Bell patent expires, and of the important features

of the telephone-receiver on January 30th, 1897, when the second Bell telephone patent ends. Obviously its policy now is to strengthen or secure its hold on the transmitting end of the line. The issuance of the Berliner patent some months ago was the first, and that of the Edison patents now is the second public move in that direction. Of course, if these patents be brought into court, the defendant will insist that they are voidable, if not utterly void, under the statute, because of the expiry of the foreign patents, and if they were *ab initio* void, then the right of the commissioner of patents ever to have issued them may be questioned. So, also, the Bell company may be confronted with the six or seven carbon transmitters which Drawbaugh claimed to have made in 1876, after the date of the first Bell patent, which were substantiated by the Bell company's own witnesses; and, as a matter of course, were not considered in the decisions of the courts in that controversy. All this, and more, will no doubt be urged *if* these patents ever get into court. But the "if" is important. A more obvious and more advantageous course than submitting them to the risk of a trial is open. At about the time that Mr. Edison filed the applications underlying his present patents, he was seeking for patents on what he called "acoustic telegraphs," and he got several of them early in 1878. If the applications for his present patents had followed the same course as these others, he would have had his patents at that early time. But suppose that these inventions of Mr. Edison had been challenged by the Patent Office, and that interference and prior use and other proceedings had followed, whereby Mr. Edison (of course, it is assumed, through no fault of his own) had been delayed in the Patent Office all these years, in fact, so long that an English patent obtained at the beginning of the delay period ran through its whole term before that period was ended. Now, what might be the result, supposing the unrequited Mr. Edison should go to Congress, which is omnipotent in all patent matters, and should say to it something to this effect: "Here is a great and meritorious invention which underlies, practically, every telephone-transmitter in the world; which, therefore, is of the highest public utility; of which your own Patent Office, after fifteen years of careful consideration, admits that I am the original and first inventor, and in proof thereof grants to me three patents on May 3d, 1892. Here,

furthermore, is something for which I have had no reward or return whatever; for how could I sell these patents to the Bell Company when I did not have them? What I sold to it was instruments that are not now, and never were, worth anything; and at last after all these years when you do give me these patents which I have so long yearned for, you give them to me dead and worthless by reason of your own delay. You wouldn't give me the egg, and now you've sat on it so long that I can't get the chicken. Am I not equitably entitled to relief? Should not the people of the United States, in justice to me, if not in consideration of the glory which I have shed upon this nation, make the vital term of these patents of the length that it would have been originally had this delay not intervened?" It is not positively affirmed, of course, that the Bell Company will make any such argument as this. It has unexampled facilities for making a better one. It may even say, with fine acumen, that section 4887 cannot possibly apply to these patents, because that section must refer only to foreign patents in existence; and how can a later American patent be limited to expire with a previous foreign patent which does not exist? But the moral of it all is that there is plenty of fun ahead for the new telephone corporations which, rumor says, are getting ready to put up lines and instruments next year, after the Bell patent expires.

*THE COST OF WAR....THE NEW YORK TIMES*

It appears, according to the estimates of French and German statisticians, there have perished in the wars of the last thirty years 2,500,000 men, while there has been expended to carry them on, no less than the inconceivable sum of \$13,000,000,000. Of this amount France has paid nearly \$3,500,000,000 as the cost of the war with Prussia, while her loss in men is placed at 155,000. Of these 80,000 were killed on the field of battle, 36,000 died of sickness, accidents, or suicide, and 20,000 in German prisons, while there died from other causes enough to bring the number up to the given aggregate. The sick and wounded amounted to 477,421, the lives of many thousands of whom were doubtless shortened by their illness or injuries. According to Dr. Roth, a German authority, the Germans lost during the war 60,000 men killed or registered invalid, and \$600,000,000 in money, this being the excess of expenditures or of

material losses over the \$1,250,000,000 paid by France by way of indemnity. Dr. Engel, another German statistician, gives the following as the approximate cost of the principal wars of the last thirty years: Crimean war, \$2,000,000,000; Italian war of 1859, \$300,000,000; Prusso-Danish war of 1864, \$35,000,000; war of the Rebellion—North \$5,100,000,000, South \$2,300,000,000; Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, \$330,000,000; Russo-Turkish war, \$125,000,000; South African wars, \$8,770,000; African war, \$12,250,000; Servo-Bulgarian, \$176,000,000. All these wars were murderous in the extreme. The Crimean war, in which few battles were fought, cost 750,000 lives, only 50,000 less than were killed or died of their wounds, North and South, during the war of the Rebellion. The figures, it must be remembered, are German, and might not agree precisely with the American estimates. The Mexican and Chinese expeditions cost \$200,000,000 and 65,000 lives. There were 250,000 killed and mortally wounded during the Russia-Turkey war, and 45,000 each in the Italian war of 1859 and the war between Prussia and Austria. In the other wars the loss of life was relatively less, which did not make either the men or money easier to part with in the more limited areas where they occurred. And this is but a part of the accounting, since it does not include the millions expended during the last twenty years in maintaining the vast armaments of the European powers, the losses caused by stoppage of commerce and manufactures, and the continual derangement of industries by the abstraction from useful employment of so many millions of persons held for military service extending from three to five years.

#### MAXIM'S FLYING-MACHINE

Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor, has been known for some time as the harbinger of a method of human aerial flight, the construction of which he describes as follows in the *June Cosmopolitan*: "Many experimenters and writers have imagined that a successful flying-machine would have to be propelled by wings, after the manner of a bird, but late research has shown that the wings, tail, and body of a bird act to some extent as an aeroplane, and that the same instruments are used both for propulsion and support. But it is neither necessary nor practical to imitate the bird too closely, because screw propellers have been found to be very efficient, and

may be connected directly with any motor without the intervention of the numerous articulated levers which are necessary to imitate the complicated movements of a bird's wings. In some of my experiments I found, if a small screw twenty inches in diameter was run at a speed sufficient to produce a push of ten pounds while standing still, that the push, while advancing into the air, did not fall off to any appreciable extent. Of course, when the screw was not advancing, it was all slip or all loss. If allowed to go forward, it would soon attain a speed of, say, fifty miles an hour. If we should multiply the pitch of the screw by the number of turns, we should find that the screw, if running in a solid nut, would travel at the rate of seventy miles an hour. The slip or loss would therefore be twenty miles an hour; still, the push was constant at ten pounds. From this it would appear that the advantage of running into new air which had not been disturbed, and in which no current had been established, was sufficient to reduce the slip of a screw from seventy miles an hour to twenty, and still maintain the same push. In some cases the screw only slipped nineteen per cent; it would therefore seem that a screw is a fairly economical propeller to use in the atmosphere. If a thin pine board twenty feet long and two feet wide, with the edges well sharpened, the bottom side being lightly concave and the top side lightly convex, be suspended in the air with the front edge one inch higher than the back edge, and be driven through the air with a two-bladed wooden propeller twenty-eight inches in diameter, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, we should find that it would carry approximately a load of two hundred and forty pounds—including its own weight and the weight of the propeller—or the weight that could be lifted by a moderate-sized balloon; and the power required would be 1.33 horse-power, to which would have to be added twenty per cent for the slip of the screw. The screw and the board collectively need not weigh over twelve pounds."

*INCIDENTS IN THE CHARGE AT BALACLAVA*

A stirring individual account of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, in the Nineteenth Century for May, is written by a former private of the 17th Lancers, J. W. Wightman. His personal experiences as the brigade charged against the Russians is graphically told, some of the incidents

he met with portraying the terrific activity of the charge. The 17th Lancers occupied the centre of the brigade, the 13th Dragoons on the right, the 11th Hussars on the left. The Lancers and the Dragoons went first to the charge with Lord Cardigan and Lord Lucan at the head. The start is thus summed up:

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, Cardigan's figure and attitude as he faced the brigade and in his strong, hoarse voice gave the momentous word of command, "The brigade will advance! First squadron of 17th Lancers direct!" Calm as on parade—calmer, indeed, by far than his wont on parade—stately, square, and erect, master of himself, his brigade, and his noble charger, Cardigan looked the ideal cavalry leader, with his stern, firm face and his quiet, soldierly bearing. His long military seat was perfection on the thoroughbred chestnut Ronald with the "white stockings" on the near hind and fore, which my father, his old riding-master, had broken for him. He was in the full uniform of his old corps, the 11th Hussars, and he wore the pelisse, not slung, but put on like a patrol jacket, its front one blaze of gold lace. His drawn sword was in his hand at the slope, and never saw I man fitter to wield the weapon. . . .

As I have said, he gave the word of command, and then, turning his head toward his trumpeter, Britten of the Lancers, he quietly said, "Sound the Advance!" and wheeled his horse, facing the dark mass at the farther end of the valley which we knew to be the enemy. The trumpeter sounded the "Walk;" after a few horse-lengths came the "Trot." I did not hear the "Gallop," but it was sounded. Neither voice nor trumpet, so far as I know, ordered the "Charge." Britten was a dead man in a few strides after he had sounded the "Gallop." We had ridden barely two hundred yards, and were still at the trot, when poor Nolan's fate came to him. I did not see him cross Cardigan's front, but I did see the shell explode of which a fragment struck him. From his raised sword-hand dropped the sword, but the arm remained erect. Kinglake writes that "what had once been Nolan" maintained the strong military seat until the "erect form dropped out of the saddle;" but this was not so. The sword-arm indeed remained upraised and rigid, but all the other limbs so curled in on the contorted trunk as by a spasm, that we wondered how for the moment the huddled form kept the saddle. It was the sudden convulsive twitch of the bridle hand inward on the chest that caused the charger to wheel rearward so abruptly. The weird shriek and the awful face as rider and horse disappeared haunt me now to this day, the first horror of that ride of horrors. . . .

We had not broke into the charging pace when poor old

John Lee, my right-hand man on the flank of the regiment, was all but smashed by a shell; he gave my arm a twitch, as with a strange smile on his worn old face he quietly said, "Domino, chum!" and fell out of the saddle. His old gray mare kept alongside of me for some distance, treading on and tearing out her entrails as she galloped, till at length she dropped with a strange shriek. I have mentioned that my comrade Peter March was my left-hand man; next beyond him was Private Dudley. The explosion of a shell had swept down four or five men on Dudley's left, and I heard him ask Marsh if he had noticed "what a hole that b—— shell had made" on his left front. "Hold your foul-mouthed tongue," answered Peter, "swearing like a blackguard, when you may be knocked into eternity next minute!" Just then I got a musket-bullet through my right knee and another in the shin, and my horse had three bullet wounds in the neck. Man and horse were bleeding so fast that Marsh begged me to fall out; but I would not, pointing out that in a few minutes we must be into them, and so I sent my spurs well home, and faced it out with my comrades. It was about this time that Sergeant Talbot had his head clean carried off by a round shot, yet for about thirty yards farther the headless body kept the saddle, the lance at the charge firmly gripped under the right arm. My narrative may seem barren of incidents of the charge, but amid the crash of shells and the whistle of bullets, the cheers and the dying cries of comrades, the sense of personal danger, the pain of wounds, and the consuming passion to reach an enemy, he must be an exceptional man who is cool enough and curious enough to be looking serenely about him for what painters call "local color." I had a good deal of "local color" myself, but it was running down the leg of my overalls from my wounded knee. . . .

Well, we were nearly out of it at last, and close on those cursed guns. Cardigan was still straight in front of me, steady as a church, but now his sword was in the air; he turned in his saddle for an instant, and shouted his final command, "Steady! steady! Close in!" Immediately afterward there crashed into us a regular volley from the Russian cannon. I saw Captain White go down and Cardigan disappear into the smoke. A moment more and I was within it myself. A shell burst right over my head with a hellish crash that all but stunned me. Immediately after I felt my horse under me take a tremendous leap into the air. What he jumped I never saw or knew; the smoke was so thick I could not see my arm's length around me. Through the dense veil I heard noises of fighting and slaughter, but saw no obstacle, no adversary, no gun or gunner, and, in short, was through and beyond the Russian battery before I knew for certain that I had reached it. . . .

We were now through and on the other side of a consider-

able body of Russian cavalry. But we were all wearied and weakened by loss of blood; our horses wounded in many places; there were enemies all about us, and we thought it was about time to be getting back. I remember reading, in the regimental library, of an officer who said to his commander, "We have done enough for honor." That was our humble opinion, too, and we turned our horses' heads. We forced our way through ring after ring of enemies, fell in with my comrade Peter Marsh, and rode rearward, breaking through party after party of Cossacks, until we heard the familiar voice of Corporal Morley, of our regiment, a great, rough, bellowing Nottingham man. He had lost his lance hat, and his long hair was flying out in the wind as he roared, "Coom 'ere! coom 'ere! Fall in, lads, fall in!" Well, with shouts and oaths he had collected some twenty troopers of various regiments. We fell in with the handful this man of the hour had rallied to him, and there joined us also under his leadership Sergeant-Major Ranson and Private John Penn, of the 17th. Penn, a tough old warrior who had served with the 3d Light in the Sikh war, had killed a Russian officer, dismounted, and with great deliberation accoutred himself with the belt and sword of the defunct, in which he made a great show. A body of Russian Hussars blocked our way. Morley, roaring Nottingham oaths by way of encouragement, led us straight at them, and we went through and out at the other side as if they had been made of tinsel paper. As we rode up the valley, pursued by some Hussars and Cossacks, my horse was wounded by a bullet in the shoulder, and I had hard work to put the poor beast along. Presently we were abreast of the infantry who had blazed into our right as we went down; and we had to take their fire again, this time on our left. Their firing was very impartial; their own Hussars and Cossacks, following close on us, suffered from it as well as we. Not many of Corporal Morley's party got back. My horse was shot dead, riddled with bullets. One bullet struck me on the forehead, another passed through the top of my shoulder; while struggling out from under my dead horse a Cossack standing over me stabbed me with his lance once in the neck near the jugular, again above the collar-bone, several times in the back, and once under the short rib; and when, having regained my feet, I was trying to draw my sword, he sent his lance through the palm of my hand. I believe he would have succeeded in killing me, clumsy as he was, if I had not blinded him for the moment with a handful of sand. Fletcher at the same time lost his horse, and, it seems, was wounded. We were very roughly used. The Cossacks at first hauled us along by the tails of our coats and our haversacks. When we got on foot, they drove their lance-butts into our backs to stir us on. With my shattered knee and the other bullet wound on the shin of the same leg,

I could barely limp, and good old Fletcher said, "Get on my back, chum!" I did so, and then found that he had been shot through the back of the head. When I told him of this, his only answer was: "Oh, never mind that; it's not much, I don't think." But it was that much that he died of the wound a few days later; and here he was, a doomed man himself, making light of a mortal wound, and carrying a chance comrade of another regiment on his back. I can write this, but I could not tell of it in speech, because I know I should play the woman.

*THE ENLARGEMENT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY*

In the North American Review for June, Archdeacon Farrar, writing of Westminster Abbey, deals with the future as well as the past of this famous place of sepulture. He says: "Hitherto the memorials of the greater number of our most famous dead have been gathered in one great shrine for all men to see. The dust of kings and rulers has mingled with the dust of men born in the humblest ranks of life and ennobled by genius alone. Poets, some of whom in life lacked bread, have here at least found a stone; and philanthropists, whose lives were endangered by the fury of banded interests and appetites, find that there is posthumous honor for those who have striven to undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free. Thus the abbey furnishes a multitude of lessons. There is scarcely a single point at which it does not touch the great interests of English history. The kings of France, as Dean Stanley loved to point out, lie almost alone at St. Denis, and the popes of Rome at St. Peter's; the kings of Spain lie alone at the Escorial; the emperors of Austria at Vienna; the czars of Russia at Moscow and St. Petersburg; but at Westminster, the humblest, who were great by goodness, repose in death by the side of their sovereigns. Again, there are churches like SS. Giovanne Paolo at Venice, and Santa Maria Novella at Florence, which contain the memorials of some of the famous dead. But there is no other building in the world where the visitor can trace the traditions, or study the records, or stand over the mortal remains of men who represent nearly all that is greatest in the national story of nearly nine centuries. Under one roof lie not only

" 'The painful warrior famed for fight,'

but also the statesmen, the teachers, the divines, the orators, the musicians, the actors, the novelists, the explorers, the

discoverers, the men of science, and the sweet singers—often sculptured as they stood in life with their garlands and singing-robcs about them. Of painters, we have only one—Sir Godfrey Kneller. The question, then, has arisen, in the minds of those who love their country, whether this precious possession shall—so far as its most unique men are concerned—belong wholly to the past, and, by a sudden and grievous discontinuity, the memorials of the present and the future be severed from it; or whether it shall be so extended as still to concentrate within its sacred precincts the grandest associations of England's fame. Can any man, other than some worldly cynic, give any but one answer?"

#### PHONOGRAPHING THE LANGUAGE OF THE APES

Prof. Richard L. Garner, who is to depart soon for Africa, to continue his scientific investigations of the language of the monkeys upon their native habitat, writes thus, in the *North American Review* for June, of what he expects to do in phonographing the language of the apes: "But the use of my [wire] cage will not be limited to a mere place of safety from wild beasts that prowl through the forests at night; it will serve also as a depot for my supplies, and thus save me the trouble and expense of having to find a place of safety for them in case of delay or absence. This structure will be locked securely to the adjacent trees by three strong chains attached to a Y-shaped iron bolted through the top of the cage. It will be provided with a canvas top and gum-cloth sides, mounted on rollers like window curtains, and easily managed. It will be provided with a rubber mat or carpet, which will serve as an insulator when the cage is charged with electricity, and will also prevent the moisture from rising from the ground beneath the cage, in which I shall have to sleep a great part of the time. It will contain hammock and camp-chair. Besides these, it will be occupied by my phonograph, photographic instruments, telephones, and electric battery with which to operate them. A single charge of this electric battery will last for about three hundred consecutive hours. By the use of a small switchboard I shall be able to fire my flash-light at night, or to snap my Kodak in the daytime, and to operate my telephones if necessary. In case of danger or unexpected attack, by the use of my switchboard and by means of an induction coil, I can charge the entire

cage with electricity, developing an alternating current of about three hundred volts. In leaving my cage with its contents for any length of time, I shall simply charge it in this manner with electricity, in order that in my absence my meddlesome neighbors may be induced to let it alone. A unique and marvellous experiment, among the many which I expect to be able to perform, is that of phonographing the sounds of the apes at a distance from my cage, where my phonograph will be located at times. I shall accomplish this by means of the telephones which I am having constructed for the purpose, with a water-proof cable wire connected at one end with the diaphragm of the phonograph, and at the other end (which may be carried any distance, even a mile or more through the forest) connected with a small telephone concealed in a tin horn; all of which will be painted a dingy green in order that it may be concealed in the leaves or hidden in the moss or undergrowth of the forest."

*THE BLUE HERON.....FROM MAURICE THOMPSON'S "POEMS"*

Where water-grass grows over green

On damp, cool flats by gentle streams,

Still as a ghost and sad of mien,

With half-closed eyes the heron dreams.

Above him in the sycamore

The flicker beats a dull tattoo;

Through pawpaw groves the soft airs pour

Gold dust of blooms and fragrance new.

And from the thorn it loves so well,

The oriole flings out its strong,

Sharp lay, wrought in the crucible

Of its flame-circled soul of song.

The heron nods. The charming runes

Of nature's music thrills his dreams;

The joys of many Mays and Junes

Wash past him like cool summer streams.

What tranquil life, what joyful rest,

To feel the touch of fragrant grass,

And doze like him, while tenderest

Dream-waves across my sleep would pass!

## SOCIAL AND PHILANTHROPIC

---

### THE RECENT AMERICAN

Serious impressions of America and American life are seldom forthcoming from the French. Doubtless the attention which will be turned the world over to this country in the coming year will make them more common. Thus, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in a recent number, we have a beginning, in an article upon American Life, by André Chevrillon, who has been a careful reader of American literature and a serious observer of our daily life. To him, as to most of those of the Old World, the energy and independence of our citizens is remarkable. He notes the enormity and yet the simplicity of the surroundings in our city life, the vast buildings, the rectangular streets, the tremendous scale upon which business is carried, the great factories, the wonderful labor-saving devices; yet what interests him most is the man. From the characterization he makes, the following extracts are made:

Foreign immigration is pouring into the New World at the rate of no less than two thousand a day, and one wonders whether, instead of melting into and amalgamating with the existing population, this heterogeneous mass, filled with impurities, will not end by overcoming the Yankee leaven. Can America assimilate the eight hundred thousand emigrants which are annually cast on her shores from every corner and hole of Europe? If we watch, however, a crowd returning from some outing, we find perhaps a set composed of those who belong to New England. The national type is not yet visible in them, yet it is certain they are neither English, French, nor German. The women especially, with their pallor and natural frailty, their expressive beauty, are a race apart. They are all of a recent species, for, excepting the unmistakable Yankees, all those we meet are Americans only for a generation or two back. The power which fashions the race has already been able to change their bodies and their minds. Indeed, this power takes the emigrant in hand as he comes from the steamer, and in twenty years has effaced the evidences of a former caste and made him an American. Two causes contribute to this change. The first is the *milieu* of nature, the action of climate, the abundance in this case of electricity, the dryness of the air, the invisible influences which after several generations have refined the body, lengthened the skull, thinned down the hands, and drawn the type in general nearer to that of the aborigine. Still more powerful is the second cause, the action of the human *milieu*

in which the lot of the novice falls. The characteristics of Americans are not similar to those of other nations. Between an Englishman and an American there is not the same difference as between an Englishman and a Frenchman, the proof of which is the case with which any emigrant becomes a decided American. . . . The American differs from his Anglo-Saxon cousin of England just as they differ from the Anglo-Saxons of Friesland or Germany. The English people who seem to us so willing, the most pushing of the Germanic race, the most ardent, spiritual, and brilliant through their go and dash, the most capable of rush and hurry, Americans look upon as easy-going and phlegmatic. In a London crowd you will often see the figure of an elderly gentleman, with red cheeks and supple limbs, telling of his freshness and youth; but in New York such a sight is rare. The American has broken the chord which in our great cities binds man to nature. The foregoing is but a single trait. In all things the American surpasses us in independence. Having cherished pluck and a love of adventure, he has lost altogether the feeling of tradition; that is, the instinctive desire to preserve his surroundings. Every one knows that in his appearance, his costume and attitude, he has given up English stiffness, and has little regard for etiquette; that is, a traditional rule of life. Even in the East his dinners are not the solemn ceremonies of his English brother, and, despite their growing Anglo-mania, Americans still find the English formal and distant.

#### MONEY VERSUS INTELLECT

Lady Jeune's strictures upon English society, in the *North American Review*, while acknowledged to be made by one competent to know, are angrily discussed by the English press. They are severe upon the society of the day, as the following extracts made at random will show:

The French salon has never found a counterpart in England. The inclination of the English as regards society is to eat, and not to talk. An English man or woman's idea of hospitality and society is a dinner and a dress coat, and that in conjunction with as much formality and state as possible; and the simplicity of French society in this regard, which meant dropping in during a given evening one day a week to a well-known house where neither meat nor drink was provided, and where intellectual nourishment was the only food, never recommended itself to the English ways of life.

Whatever may be the reproach of the end of the nineteenth century, a want of appreciation of distinction in any form is not one. There never was an age where fame of any kind was more of a cult, or where notoriety was a surer passport to social eminence. Whether the greater intellectual quali-

ties of mankind are recognized in proportion may be doubted, but society now runs mad after any one who can get himself talked of, and that not in the sole direction of great ability or distinction. To have a good cook; to be the smartest-dressed woman; to give the most magnificent entertainments, where a fortune is spent on flowers and decorations; to be the last favored guest of royalty; or to have sailed as near to the wind of social disaster as is compatible with not being shipwrecked—are a few of the features which characterize some of the smartest people in London society.

It would be idle to deny that recent scandals in London society, which have been the talk of the world, and the existence of which surprised and shocked the moral sense of England, are only the outcome and logical result of the easy-going manner in which women of the highest rank and culture have allowed the old-fashioned rules and restraints which governed society to be relaxed. The decay of these restraints has been in many ways almost imperceptible, but the spirit of freedom and liberalism in every matter of life, whether social, political, or religious, has impregnated every condition of life, and has gradually swept away the reserve and illusions of our forefathers. Nowhere is this more conspicuous than among girls, whose lives are as different from those of their grandmothers as light from darkness. The respect for parents, the self-denial and self-abnegation, the modest reserve which used to be the characteristic of the "English miss," have disappeared, and in her place we have a creature no doubt attractive and original, but not the girl of the past. Parents and children now meet nearly on an equality, but where there is any inferiority it is on the parental side. The young lady of to-day reads the newspapers, what books she chooses, and discusses with equal frankness the last scandal and the latest French mode; she rides in the park unattended by a groom, but always with a cavalier; she drives unattended in hansoms; she dances with partners who do not care to be presented to her mother; and she leaves her chaperon, not to dance, with the real enjoyment of girlhood, but to retire to some leafy corner of the ballroom, where she can, to use the modern phrase, "sit out," instead of dancing. She spends her own money, and dresses as she likes, and, more often than not, spends more than she can afford. Her stay in London is one round of pleasure from morning to night, varied during the autumn and winter by country visits, which are only a repetition of London on a small scale; and in her life there is no question of aught but pleasure.

Money is the idol of to-day; without it, life is ugly, hard, and wearisome; and if with it the romance and poetry of ex-

istence fly away, it helps to grease the wheels of the coach, and rubs and softens down many excrescences. It has been said, everything can be bought but health, and it is nearly true; wealth is a great power, either in its use or abuse; it is the keystone of success in the smartest London society, and no truer words were ever written than those of the Poet Laureate of our nineteenth-century life:

"Every door is barred with gold,  
And opens but with golden keys."

The atmosphere [of the drawing-room] heavy with the perfume of flowers; the spoils of the Riviera; the bewitching sounds of the voice of the latest fashionable prima donna, brought there at a fabulous price; the delicacies of the supper-room, and the banquet with its priceless wines—are the temptations which the crowd of magnificently dressed and beautiful women and *blasé* men cannot resist, and such is the nightly spectacle offered to any observer of what we term the "smart set" of London society. Shades of the former leaders of society and patronesses of Almacks, do you not turn in your graves at the sight of your grandchildren and their children associating on terms of intimacy with a crowd whose sole recommendation is that it panders and ministers to the most demoralizing influence of an age already bad enough!

*STUDIES OF NEW YORK SOCIETY....M. W. HAZELTINE....NINETEENTH CENTURY*

What may we suppose would be the amusement of an English gentleman to find his own rank and consequence seriously questioned by an American acquaintance because he was unable to point out in Rotten Row this or that particular peer? "My dear fellow," he would explain, "there are in the West End of London no less than a score of sets, each equal, though scarcely superior, I fancy, in attractions to my own, yet not one member of any other, in all human probability, shall I ever meet." So, too, in New York, that species of universal cognizance by sight or hearsay, which you remark in small and rather stagnant circles, has of late years become impossible. In fact, it is an incident of daily experience that men priding themselves perhaps on a Knickerbocker ancestry, or belonging, as they conceive, to the one envied and veritable *monde*, are thrown together on a Pullman car or Cunard steamer with some well-bred, engaging person whose speech and manners unmistakably bear the stamp of first-rate society, and who proves to be a native of Manhattan, living, it may be, within a block of their own doors. Another strik-

ing feature in the changed aspect of metropolitan life is the waning prestige of certain ancient families which, indeed, long ago abdicated their hereditary claim to leadership or control. Here again appears a mark of distinction from other cities of the Atlantic seaboard. The homely spirits of Boston may still be conjured by certain colonial and post-colonial names, and, as we have heard, some rather stupid scions of those goodly stocks command the *entrée* to a charming circle where their presence must be secretly felt to be an incubus. In Philadelphia, likewise, to call yourself by this or that historical cognomen is to be invested with indefeasible rights, which seem to be by no means contingent on the possession of those winning qualities which form the natural passports to social favor. And most middle-aged persons can remember when their representatives of manorial or otherwise distinguished families wielded corresponding influence in Manhattan Island—when their kinsfolk and *protégés* were tolerably sure of consideration and prompt advancement, while their disapproval or mere indifference was tantamount to a kind of ostracism. But to-day, just as magnates of Yorkshire or Salop must submit to be examined on their merits when they migrate to Mayfair, so those musty traditions of colonial or revolutionary importance now appeal to unwilling ears, the scepticism of modern Manhattan finding small solace in pronouncing an historical name for shortcomings in culture and the refinements of life. In short, the same process which began in Paris at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and has been specially active in London since the close of the last century—a process of impartial scrutiny and intelligent choice—has at last asserted its prerogative among us, and has gone far to place New York society on a firm and healthy footing. We have all heard of the query “How much is he worth?” ascribed to the Knickerbocker metropolis, while other questions less sordid and practical are attributed to other cities. We are hardly called upon to vindicate Manhattan against a slur which is now some thirty years old, and yet, even on this score, something might be urged in its defence. Where such prosaic items as rent, gas, servants’ wages, and the mere necessities of life are inordinately dear—where operas, equipages, art galleries, antique furniture, and a somewhat sumptuous cuisine are accounted well-nigh indispensable, the whole scheme of living being adjusted to

a certain scale of opulence and splendor—whether a candidate's means of expenditure are adequate to his social pretensions may properly enough be the first inquiry, provided, of course, it be not also the last. Just so the command of evening dress is the preliminary condition of admittance to a ballroom, but the young man who imagines his investiture of that garment will insure unlimited success is likely to be swiftly undeceived. Those ambitious grain shippers and affluent packers of pork who, laying the aforesaid adage to heart, have forsaken Chicago and Cincinnati and marched gayly to the conquest of this island, are reported to discover, to their infinite disgust, the wide difference in logic between a *sine quâ non* and an exhaustive definition. The line of the upper Fifth Avenue is strewn with their magnificent wrecks, and yet they might easily have informed themselves whether the vast accumulations of certain native millionaires had secured to their unlettered owners one flash of social favor, or whether anything except a fortunate alliance could have placed their descendants in the position they may hold. To be rich, in fine, is necessary, but to be agreeable seems to be quite as requisite; and what a fund of accomplishments and acquisitions, of charming gifts, physical and mental, must that man or woman draw upon who would sway, though it were only for one season, the sceptre of a veritable *monde*!

#### THE RICH AND THEIR OCCUPATIONS

Whether the rich can govern a country at all is brought out by Mr. E. L. Godkin in an article upon Idleness and Immorality, in the Forum. Public office is undoubtedly an occupation for which those who are not in need of doing work are often well fitted. The doors, however, seem closing to them more and more, and a useless idleness is the result. "The rich," says this writer, "are being gradually and relentlessly excluded, as a rule, from public office in all the democratic countries. There are enough well-to-do men of leisure in New York to give us an excellent city government without payment, except in the subordinate places, were the poor willing to give up their chance of the salaries. Venice, in its best days, secured a large body of good officials by compelling men of fortune to serve in the offices to which they were elected. Berlin has to-day a first-rate common council made up in the same way. But there is very little chance of

our seeing this system spread. The most discouraging phenomena of government by universal suffrage thus far is its strong tendency to treat public offices as 'plums' rather than trusts, to be distributed among poor men as rewards for winning elections, and to consider indifference to the salary as a positive disqualification. Nothing does more in this country to recruit the ranks of the pleasure-seekers than the tendency of rich fathers, backed up in this by the public generally, to treat money-making as the only serious business of life. A young man bred in this notion naturally says to himself when he inherits a fortune: 'Money-getting, however laudable a pursuit in itself, is surely only incumbent on those who have not got it or want more of it than they have got. Why should I, who have got all I want, continue to work for it? No, I must enjoy it.' And when he has given himself up to the child's life, buying fresh toys every day and throwing them away the next, the only thing which excites the wonder of those of his friends and neighbors who do not envy him is that he should not have "stayed in business." The truth is that there has never been an age of the world in which there were such opportunities for men of fortune to find enjoyment in contributions to the general welfare. To some natures philanthropy, pure and simple, is odious, but there remain art, literature, science, agriculture, education. By this last I do not mean simply the instruction of youth either at schools or colleges, but also the work of persuasion through voice and pen. There never has been in the history of the world such a field for orators and writers as a democratic country now offers. There is no nobler nor more fascinating game than the work of changing the opinions of great bodies of men, by inducing them to discard old beliefs and take on new ones, or arresting their rush after strange gods. But very few indeed ever take up any such work late in life. The taste for it must be formed and the equipment provided in youth. Though last, not least, the delusion must be got rid of that there is no use in trying to act on the minds of one's fellow-men unless one can thereby get an office. It is this which makes a great many useful young men wash their hands of politics and go in for polo and tennis and flirtations instead. Official life, as our government is now organized, has no field for a really high ambition. Public functionaries are becoming more and more the puppets of the managers,

and the managers are whatever public opinion lets them be or insists on their being. The coming rulers of men are those who mould the thoughts or sway the passions of the multitude."

THE BEST MODE OF BURIAL.....S. M. JACKSON.....CHARITIES REVIEW

There is a better way of disposing of the dead than to burn them. And that is to bury them in direct contact with the ground, in dry, loamy soil. Our ordinary burials do not accomplish this, although to do this is manifestly their intention. How does this happen? Because we put the body into a heavy wooden casket, and this casket into a pine box, and thus between the body and the ground we place two thicknesses of wood which will resist indefinitely all the efforts of the earth to dispose of the body. Some change, of course, takes place, but it is putrefaction, not decomposition: a most horrible and sickening change. And this putrefied mass is held *inside* the coffins; and it is the wood impregnated with the gases of which the body is composed which makes it dangerous to live near a cemetery. But in the order of nature the earth is the proper receptacle for all that have lived upon it. Who ever found the body of a dead bird? What becomes of the millions of brutes which die annually? What hunter ever found the carcass of a wild beast which had been any time dead? The answer to these questions is, No one. But why? Because as soon as brutes die, the process of decomposition at once begins, and rapidly runs its course. Animal life of a peculiar kind devours part of the body, and chemical changes occur which work the removal of other parts of it, and in a short time every vestige of the body has disappeared. And the point is that all this has done no injury. No streams are poisoned by the decompositions. No human lives, or lives of any kind, are adversely affected. If we would only give the earth equal chance in the case of men, the same results would follow. In the language of Mr. Seymour Haden, who is the most distinguished scientific advocate of earth-to-earth burial, "A body properly buried—buried, that is to say, in such a way that the earth may have access to it—does not even remain in the earth, but returns to the atmosphere. The part played by the earth in its resolution, is that of a mere porous medium between it and the air which is above it. Through this medium the air with its dews and its rains filters, and when it reaches the body oxidizes it—that

is to say, resolves it into new and harmless products; and then these new products, passing upward again through the same sieve-like medium, re-enter the atmosphere and become the elements of its renewal."

#### THE RUSSIAN JEW

Mr. Arnold White declares, in the *Contemporary* for May, that if the Russian Jew is all that he is painted, extermination of the Israelite should follow. He maintains, however, that he is not, but that the general oppression of the Jewish race, and that of Russia in particular, is dictated by self-defence:

What are the facts of the case? Almost without exception, the press throughout Europe is in Jewish hands, and is largely produced from Jewish brains. International finance is captive to Jewish energy and skill. In England, the fall of the Barings has left the lonely supremacy of the house of Rothschild, not wholly to its advantage, unchallenged and unassailable. In other walks of life, wherever material comfort and personal safety can be attained by nimble brain, deft finger, or quick imagination, the Jew is found to take the highest place. Medicine, law, surgery, politics, journalism, music, and art are being more and more captained by men of the Jewish race. Prize-fighting and war have been largely left to the Gentiles, although Mendoza and Bendorff are names of celebrated Jewish pugilists that will occur to all. Three Russian generals have described to me the dauntless courage of Hebrew soldiers at the Schipka Pass. In one instance a call for twenty-five men to engage in a forlorn hope was answered by thirteen Jewish soldiers. Is this intellectual pre-eminence of the Jews to be regretted? The answer depends on the circumstances and environment of the questioner.

Turning to Russia, Mr. White shows that the repressive measures there have been dictated through fear of the bright intelligence and energy of the Jew, and that, were he allowed to hold government appointments, the places now held by the native Russian would pass over to the Israelites. Following this are some interesting statistics showing the extent of the loss which a complete migration of the Jews from Russia would cause. He sums the matter up by showing that "On a moderate estimate of these considerations, it is not too much to say that the money loss to Russia, direct and indirect, of a general exodus of Jews would not be less than 2,000,000,000 roubles, and it is difficult to understand how she could in that event continue to rank among the solvent states of the world."

## THE WORLD'S FAIR

### *TRANSPLANTED GARDENS OF JAPAN*

R. E. A. Dorr writes in Arthur's New Home Magazine: "Of all the countries that will exhibit at the fair, the plans outlined by Japan are now attracting the greatest interest. The appropriation of \$630,000 by the legislature or parliament of the Flowery Kingdom was a genuine surprise, and there was at once much curiosity to learn how so large a sum was to be expended. A few days after the appropriation was announced by cable, Mr. S. Tegima, the Japanese royal commissioner, arrived in Chicago. He was a most courtly, elegant gentleman, who, except on occasions of extreme ceremonial, appeared in European costume. He was wined and dined at the Chicago clubs and in the most exclusive homes. He was taken to Jackson Park and shown the exposition grounds and plans of the buildings in process of construction. Finally Mr. Tegima asked for a business meeting with the director-general and chief of construction. At this meeting he unfolded a plan of operations for Japan which it is believed will eclipse the plans of any other foreign power. He demanded space at the north end of the wooded island for a Japanese building to cost \$100,000 and for a botanical garden to cost nearly as much more. He proposed that the building and garden should remain as a permanent attraction of Chicago after the exposition, and promised an annual appropriation by his government to keep both in order and repair. The propositions were both accepted, and Mr. Tegima, having secured surveys of the ground allotted him, left for Japan with the promise to return in July with two hundred native carpenters and gardeners and begin work on August 1st. The building will be a duplicate of one of the emperor's most beautiful and ancient temples. It will be built in Japan in sections, taken apart, sent to America in a Japanese war-vessel, and put together by the emperor's own workmen at Jackson Park. The garden, too, will be laid out in Japan, and Mr. Tegima promises that landscape gardening effects will be produced far more wonderful and beautiful than anything before seen outside his own country. Tons of earth will be brought with the plants, as many of those to be used thrive only in their native soil. Inside the

Japanese palace will be a collection of relics, carvings, and other articles showing the implements of industry and the art treasures of this ancient people. Many of these articles will be loaned by the emperor from his private collection, and from the national museums. Native attendants and soldiers will have charge of and guard these treasures of the East, and native gardeners will have exclusive charge of the flower beds. In short, a small section of Japan will be shown at the fair. Other countries will apply their appropriations in the same direction, and eight or ten will erect buildings, but none has yet made plans on so elaborate a scale. It should perhaps have been told earlier in this article that under the plan of the exposition, foreign countries will be awarded a space or section in each building. For instance, in the Electrical Building all the electrical exhibits will be grouped; the same in Machinery Hall and in all the other buildings. In each building there will be a British section, a German section, and so on. By this plan the visitor who wishes to study the history and present condition of a particular industry may do so in one building, and will there find the world in competition, and naturally the best the world can produce. Japan, as all other nations, comes under this rule, and, in addition to the palace and gardens described, has secured space in the main buildings as follows: Manufactures, 40,000 square feet; Horticulture, 4,000 square feet; Agriculture, 3,500 square feet; Fine Arts, 2,850 square feet. On the lake front there will be a Japanese tea-house, and in Midway Plaisance a space of 225 x 225 feet has been granted for a bazar. Altogether Japan will occupy within the exposition grounds 148,975 square feet of space. While in Chicago, Mr. Tegima was urged by Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers, to provide for the representation of the work of women in the Japanese exhibit. Although the idea was new to the commissioner and foreign to existing customs in Japan, Mrs. Palmer's arguments were so eloquent that Mr. Tegima became convinced the American woman knew best what was for the interest of the women of his own country. The result of Mrs. Palmer's argument is that Mr. Tegima has agreed to recommend to the Japanese imperial commission, the appointment of a commission of Japanese women to arrange for an exhibit of women's work in the Women's Building of

the exposition, and to attend the fair in an official capacity to study what women are doing for the advancement of civilization in all the world. Mr. Tegima surprised Mrs. Palmer by stating that every opportunity is now given Japanese women for advancement. She is recognized in nearly all the professions, and women doctors are quite numerous. Co-education exists throughout the empire, and the duty of educating girls equally with boys is fully recognized. Mr. Tegima became so much in earnest in this matter that he named several Japanese women who would be well qualified for places on the Exposition Commission. Among these were three or four Vassar graduates and several others who had lived long in Washington and New York."

*THE GALLEON OF COLUMBUS.....PRESS REPORT*

In all the capitals of the provinces in the peninsula and the colonies, under the presidency of their respective civil governors, sub-committees will be established to assist the Madrid committee to carry out all the preparations for a most brilliant exhibit by Spain at the Chicago exhibition. In the districts where chambers of commerce or agriculture exist, the provincial committee will be composed of the members of such chambers, with the civil governors as presidents. Respecting the caravels, the Ministry of Marine has issued urgent orders that the Santa Maria, which is built at the expense of the Spanish government, is to be ready well in advance of the anniversary date of the sailing of Columbus from Palos de Moguer. To this end one hundred and forty-five workmen are to be at work on her constantly in regular shifts, and the work is not to be interrupted, either on Sundays or festivals. It is said this ship will be ready and at anchor in the port of Palos on the 2d of August next. The keel is already laid in the government arsenal of La Carraca (Cadiz), and she is being built under the direction of Naval Architect Don Francisco Cordova, secretary of the Archæological Building Association. The ship will be built of government arsenal material and mostly by government workmen, and will therefore cost only about eight thousand five hundred dollars. Many of the workmen have offered to go as seamen to navigate the Santa Maria to America. Señor Fernandez Duro has volunteered his services as commander. No doubt the little fleet will be manned by sailors from the government

arsenals, and will be conveyed across the Atlantic by a small Spanish squadron of war ships. The two smaller caravels, Niña and Pinta, are to be built by order and for account of America, and will cost about thirty thousand dollars. They will be ready as soon as, or sooner than, the Santa Maria.

*A PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS... . PRESS REPORT*

There is every probability that there will be a gathering of all the religious clans in Chicago during the progress of the World's Fair. The Advisory Council on Religious Congresses consists of one hundred of the most eminent and representative divines of Europe and America. The members of this committee are charged with the duty of giving their views as to the proposed objects, and their suggestions as to themes and speakers of the Parliament of Religions. Though all details are not settled, the following statement of objects has been agreed upon for the proposed parliament: To bring together in conference, for the first time in history, the leading representatives of the great historic religions of the world. To show to men, in the most impressive way, what and how many important truths the various religions hold and teach in common. To promote and deepen the spirit of true brotherhood among the religions of the world, through friendly conference and mutual good understanding, while not seeking to foster the temper of indifferentism, and not striving to achieve any formal and outward unity. To set forth, by those most competent to speak, what are deemed the important distinctive truths held and taught by each religion, and by the various chief branches of Christendom. To indicate the impregnable foundations of Theism, and the reasons for man's faith in immortality, and thus to unite and strengthen the forces which are adverse to a materialistic philosophy of the universe. To secure from leading scholars, representing the Brahman, Buddhist, Confucian, Parsee, Mohammedan, Jewish, and other faiths, and from representatives of the various churches of Christendom, full and accurate statements of the spiritual and other effects of the religions which they hold, upon the literature, art, commerce, government, domestic and social life, of the peoples among whom these faiths have prevailed. To inquire what light each religion has afforded or may afford to the other religions of the world. To set forth, for permanent record to be published to the world, an

accurate and authoritative account of the present condition and outlook of religion among the leading nations of the earth. To discover, from competent men, what light religion has to throw on the great problems of the present age, especially the important questions connected with temperance, labor, education, wealth, and poverty. To bring the nations of the earth into a more friendly fellowship, in the hope of securing permanent international peace.

*A CHILDREN'S PALACE.....THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE*

One of the most original as well as interesting of any of the World's Fair projects is that for a children's department, the details of which are now under consideration. The lady managers are naturally called upon to be the godmothers of such a scheme, and word from Mrs. Potter Palmer has just been received by Wilson L. Gill, of this city, assuring him that space on the fair grounds will be granted for this purpose. The plan, as it has taken shape thus far, is for the erection of a building which shall have two separate and distinct parts, one for the dissemination of knowledge by means of lectures, and the other by means of articles for the use of children. For this purpose there should be a large auditorium, where arrangements could be made for lectures, illustrated with the stereopticon. In this way a good many things relative to child life in various nations could be shown—things which it would be impossible to demonstrate with the children themselves. Such lectures and exhibitions would be carried on from hour to hour and day to day, as long as there were audiences to listen. Three-quarters of an hour would be allowed for each lecture, and a quarter of an hour for the dispersing of one set of people and the reassembling of another. The lecturers would be those competent not only to make the several features entertaining, but those who would have the direct and principal object of adroitly interesting the people in doing what they could for the pleasure of their own children. They would also get much information as to how they might do it in their own individual homes. On Mondays the child life in Japan might be illustrated; on Tuesdays, the child life in some other country or countries, and so on. The second division would necessitate the use of two floors, one more especially to interest babies and little children and to show improved and simplified methods for clothing babies

and little children of various ages. Dr. Grosvenor, of Chicago, the designer of the Gertrude suit, famous for babies, has offered to take charge of the department devoted to crib beds, clothing, and other nursery conveniences. By means of blackboards and piles of sand and clay, the advantages would be shown of entertaining and educating a child, both in the kindergarten and in homes: the idea that children can have these little pleasures outside of school being thus brought to the attention of parents. Food for children and its preparation will also be a feature of the Children's Palace, it being probable that one of the several organized cooking-schools would have it in hand, showing especially the best ways of cooking the more ordinary foods. In the department of play-things an endeavor would be made especially to make use of such toys as may be desirable in teaching object-lessons. Building-blocks, for instance, are to a great extent educational; and when children are taught to make use of the book of drawings accompanying them, they will learn to interpret them with delightful results. The rest of this floor would be given up to pictures, books, dolls, and toys in general for children, with perhaps space in the centre where children might be left with their attendants, and games played which it would be desirable to disseminate. On a lower floor there would probably be an exhibition for older children. This would consist of drawing, etching, engraving on copper, steel, and wood; painting in oil and water colors, wood-carving, photography, clay and plaster work, electric motors, printing office with press and type, carpentry and machine work, smithing and plumbing. There would also be a display of bicycles, tricycles, boats, sleds, etc. The public would have it demonstrated to them that it is valuable for girls as well as boys to know all about these things. The Board of Lady Managers and all others who have given thought to the children's department look upon it as one of the most striking features of the exposition, and they especially consider that it will be of interest to people who live away from cities and know little of the newer developments in educational matters—the kindergarten, manual training, etc. It is proposed to make the Children's Palace a building of national interest and importance, and it is believed that every State will wish to have a share in the exhibit.

## CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

*TOO LATE!.....B. F. DOVETON.....LONDON PUBLIC OPINION*

She lies so still the livelong day,  
She doth not move or speak;  
The roses long have died away  
Upon her dainty cheek.  
I spoke her harshly yesternorn—  
Her agonized surprise,  
It haunts me now—and for my scorn  
The lovelight in her eyes!  
And now each bitter word I said  
Accentuates my pain—  
Each taunt I levelled at the dead  
Has burnt into my brain.  
Who is the wiser—I, whose feet  
Must tread an earthly hell,  
Or she, who hears that welcome sweet,  
“Fair spirit, all is well”?  
Though God forgive me in his grace  
When I have “crossed the bar,”  
When I shall meet her face to face  
Beyond the morning star,  
I dare not think that even there,  
Within the gates of gold,  
My soul will show to her as fair  
As in the days of old—  
The dear dead days of long ago,  
Whose tale was told above,  
When in our hearts we felt the glow,  
The rosy dawn of Love!

*AT NIGHT-TIME.....ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.....N. O. TIMES-DEMOCRAT*

We soothe the child for some witholden pleasure  
Till sweet eyes smile that were so fain to weep:  
“To-morrow—only wait until to-morrow—  
After you sleep.”  
So we are soothed with solemn dreams of Heaven  
When earthly days no further solace keep;  
Hope tells us there shall be a happy morrow—  
After we sleep.

## LATTER-DAY PHILOSOPHY

### CAN CRIME BE SUGGESTED?

How far a subject under hypnotic influence will obey a criminal suggestion is a subject of contemporary interest and importance. It has been held by the Nancy school that the subjects under influence can be made by suggestion to do the will of the hypnotizer to the extent of committing any crime. This question is now a subject of open debate. Prof. J. Delbœuf, who took the view of the Nancy propagators, and who has written extensively upon the subject, now opposes the idea. In the *Monist* for April he announces that he is a decided sceptic as to the power of criminal suggestion, and he relates the following as one of the incidents which have led him to revise his belief:

At the end of May, of last year, I was passing through Nancy with some friends, among whom was Dr. L. Frédéricq, professor of physiology at the University of Liège. We were spending the evening at M. Beaunis' house, together with MM. Liébeault, Bernheim, and Liégeois. Naturally this question of criminal suggestion came upon the *tapis*, and was discussed in all its phases, without advancing one step toward its solution. We made an engagement to meet at the hospital on the following day, where M. Bernheim invited me to be present at an experiment, which he maintained would convince me. I will relate the occurrence, for in such cases the slightest details may acquire very great importance.

M. Bernheim threw into the magnetic sleep a great, tall fellow, quite easily influenced, and whose illness did not prevent him from walking about in the ward.

"Presently, when you have waked up, you will go and steal an orange from the patient that you see over there, in that bed opposite. Remember that what you are going to do is very wrong; it is strictly forbidden by honesty and by law, and you will run the risk of being punished." The man is waked. He appears to be collecting his thoughts. He rubs his forehead, he is visibly meditating something.

"What is the matter with you? What are you thinking about?" I asked him.

"Nothing."

"You seem preoccupied."

"Well, yes, I have to do something."

"What?"

"I am not obliged to render you an account of my actions."

"Ah! one would almost say you were meditating some mischief; where are you going?"

"That's no business of yours."

"Oh! very well then, I shall watch you and follow you."

I follow him; he walks toward his companion's bed, glances at the orange, then, leaning up against the window, he calls me to admire some cherries growing on a potted plant. He keeps quite still. Why? Simply because I had told him that I intended to watch him, otherwise my presence would not have troubled him in the least. During this time, M. Bernheim had acquainted the other patient with the intended proceeding, he nevertheless having heard the whole transaction. "I do not think he will do it," said he to the doctor; "he is one of my mates, and he wouldn't steal from me." I walk away and join the group of persons present. I say to M. Beaunis that this experiment will prove nothing; he answers me by a gesture of surprise. The subject, as soon as he sees me go away and thinks that I am not watching him any more, stretches out his hand, seizes the orange that is behind his mate's pillow, the latter meanwhile looking full at him. I should need twenty pages at least of commentary on this experiment. But I shall only allow myself to point out the essential points.

This hypnotized subject, then, or, to speak more correctly, this man to whom a thought has been suggested, after I had warned him that I was watching him, and from whom I never took my eye, goes with the unerringness, so to speak, "of the falling stone," to carry out the suggested action, not, however, without a certain distrust of me, and this only because he had been forewarned. And, moreover, in his dim consciousness, it is I alone whom he is watching in that clumsy fashion, in order to seize upon some momentary forgetfulness on my part. He has never noticed at all that his mate is intently watching him and following his every movement with open eyes; so he steals the orange from under his very nose! Let us not forget that it was M. Bernheim, the house physician, who suggested to him to take the orange. But M. Frédéricq himself would equally well have fulfilled that command, even preceded as it was by the little homily re-

corded above. Why should he have disoblged M. Bernheim? But, indeed, the logic of my opponents is very weak. If, say they, a somnambulist resists criminal suggestion, it is because he is not a susceptible subject, or that the experiment has been ill conducted, or that the suggestion has not been strong enough. At that rate, it is useless to continue experimenting if failure is always to be explained away. On my side, I might with equal reason argue that they had been dealing with some licentious mind, as yet all unknowing its inner self, or with a born criminal or a latent thief, and though I object to this kind of argument, it would prove to be more legitimate reasoning than theirs. Who among us is absolutely virtuous? How many actions which the law calls criminal have we committed, or might we commit, under the pressure of circumstances, without a shadow of remorse? But let us further examine this experiment. Our subject then put the orange in his trousers pocket, which stuck out very noticeably. This man might be a criminal, but he was not a dissembler. Looking him straight in the face I said: "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing; I have just done my errand."

"You have stolen!"

"What nonsense!"

"What have you got in your pocket?"

"Nothing." Notice the absurdity of this reply.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing!"

"What do you call that?"

"Why! it's an orange! it's a very fine orange! *Ma foi!* I can't imagine how it came there!"

M. Bernheim intervenes: "You took it from a fellow-patient, from a comrade! That was very wrong."

"Yes, that's so, but I wanted it. Look! did you ever see such a fine orange? I took a fancy to it and I determined to have it. Besides, he hadn't seen it. (!) It's not stealing when it isn't missed."

Then I asked: "What is that you said?"

"Why, yes, it is not stealing to take what nobody misses," with a scarce perceptible cunning and significant wink.

A few minutes later, after we had ceased noticing him, he came up to M. Frédéricq of his own accord, laughingly told him that he was in the habit of abstracting tobacco from his

companions on this same ground: that if they never missed it, it was not stealing. "It is all in fun, you know!"

I conclude, therefore, that this subject had in him latent tendencies to theft, or, if you prefer it, to pilfering. And dare any of us honestly confess to himself that we have not, deep down in ourselves, the germs of any such vices? Who among the most upright of us does not consider himself perfectly entitled to defraud the government, or to get the better of a railway company, or quietly to appropriate an object which he may casually find?

*THE COMING BIBLE.....FRANK ATKINSON.....THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH*

However it may be received by those who have the benefits of the "higher criticism," there will be something very much resembling a sensation among the laity upon the appearance of the new translation to be known as the American Bible. Prof. Paul Haupt, the noted Semitic scholar of Johns Hopkins University, who is to edit the work, has assigned to himself the book of Ecclesiastes, and to those who are familiar with this, one of the best-known portions of the Bible, the changes made will be nothing less than startling. All the strength and beauty of the wise king's words are brought out as they have never been before, but all religious sentiment is conspicuous by its absence. One of the earliest precepts of pious teachers, sacred among the memories of childhood, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"—for this and other equally familiar passages we shall look in vain. Here is the song from the ninth verse of the eleventh chapter to the end as it will appear:

But rejoice, O youth, in thy childhood,  
And let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy manhood;  
Walk in the ways of thy heart  
And in the sight of thine eyes,  
Banish moroseness from thy heart,  
But keep away evil from thy flesh,  
For childhood and manhood are fleeting.  
Remember thy well in the days of thy vigor,  
Ere there come the days of evil,  
And the years draw nigh  
In which thou wilt say I have no pleasure;  
Ere is darkened the sun, and the light of the day,  
And the moon, and the stars,  
And the clouds return after the rain:  
When the keepers of the house tremble,

And the men of power bend themselves ;  
The grinding-maids cease  
And the ladies that look out through the lattices are darkened ;  
The doors are shut toward the street,  
He riseth at the voice of the birds,  
And all the daughters of song are brought low,  
He is afraid of that which is high,  
And fears are in the way ;  
The almond-tree blossometh,  
The locust crawleth along with difficulty,  
The caper-berry breaketh up,  
The silver cord is snapped asunder,  
The golden bowl crushed in,  
The bucket at the well shivered,  
And the wheel breaketh down at the pit.  
Man is going to his eternal house  
And the mourners go about in the street.  
Vanity of vanities, saith Ecclesiastes,  
All is vanity, and all that is coming is vanity."

The six concluding verses of the book, as found in the authorized version, and which contain among other things the injunction "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man," are omitted entirely. All the religious sentiments which in the King James translation are throughout interwoven with philosophy the most epicurean, Professor Haupt regards as interpolations in direct opposition to the teachings of Ecclesiastes and evidently written to weaken the force of the author's words. The conclusion of the whole matter is not "Fear God and keep his commandments," but "amuse yourself while you are young and try to be in good spirits. Be no hermit or ascetic, but do not ruin your health." The opening verses of the quotation given form the basis of the well-known German student's song, "*Gaudeamus Igitur*," which was originally a penitential song of two stanzas. The word "well," which Professor Haupt substitutes for "Creator," he interprets as meaning "the mother of thy children," and refers to a similar idea in Prov. v., 15-18: "Drink water out of thine own cistern, and running water out of thine own well, so shall thy fountains be dispersed abroad, rivers of waters in the streets. Let them be only thine own and not strangers with thee, so shall thy fountain be blessed and thou shalt have joy of the wife of thy youth." "The sun" is the sunshine of childhood when everything seems bright and happy; "the moon" is symbolical of the more tempered light of boyhood and early man-

hood, while "the stars" indicate the sporadic moments of happiness in mature age. More and more the number of rainy days increases, but seldom interrupted by bright moments. And when we are going down the hill there is no sunshine after the rain, but "the clouds return," and everything seems painted gray on gray. "The keepers of the house" are the hands, and the "strong men" the bones, especially the backbone. "The grinding-maids" are the teeth; and the statement that "the ladies that look out through the lattices are darkened" is an Oriental metaphor to express the fact that the eyes begin to lose their lustre and the sight becomes dim. Advanced age brings retention, so that "the doors are shut toward the street." Because his sleep is short, "he riseth at the voice of the birds," and when hearing begins to fail "all the daughters of song are brought low." "He is afraid of that which is high;" he hates to climb a hill or to go upstairs, and dreads a long walk. His hair becomes white like the blossoms of the almond-tree just before they fall. "The locust crawleth along with difficulty" because the chrysalis is opening; and when "the caper-berry breaketh up," the soul is freed from its earthly shell. "The silver cord" is the spinal column and the "golden bowl" the brain. When "the bucket at the well" is shattered, the heart loses its power to propel the blood through the body; and when "the water-wheel" breaks down, the whole machinery comes to a stop, and this means dissolution.

I have not personally communicated with the gentleman who is to translate the Song of Solomon, but I was assured by Professor Haupt's assistant, Dr. Christopher Johnston, that in the American Bible it will not be given a religious interpretation. It will be treated as a dramatic love poem, perhaps the only specimen left of Hebrew dramatic poetry. The opening verses of Ecclesiastes will be little changed in the new version.

"The authorized version, in spite of its matchless beauty," said Dr. Johnston, "is obscure and unintelligible. Three centuries of study, with vastly improved and more scientific methods of research, have greatly advanced our knowledge of the original tongues, and, moreover, the language of the Elizabethan period is now too archaic to be easily understood by the average reader. Yet most people are so familiar with the authorized version, as many mem-

ories are associated with it, that any alteration seems little short of a sacrilege. Indeed, there are not a few who virtually attribute to the authorized version the authority of inspiration. Largely, however, this feeling is due to the obscurity of the language, which lends itself easily to a variety of interpretations and invests the oft-quoted texts with a mysterious and oracular character specially attractive to many minds. The revised version is an unsatisfactory compromise. It makes, indeed, certain improvements; but at the same time, following closely the model of the authorized version, and endeavoring to introduce as few changes as possible, it preserves the archaic character which renders the latter so obscure. But the sacredness of the Bible by no means depends upon the obscurity of its language, nor does a proper reverence for it necessitate the employment of any archaic disguise. The translators of the revised version lay stress upon the fact that the version of 1611 is an English classic. But the study of English and the study of the Bible are widely different things. The revised version, therefore, has not been and can never be a success. On the one hand, it can never supersede the authorized version, which will always hold its own, both for devotional reading and for liturgical purposes. On the other hand, it does not attempt to offer a new translation, removing the difficulties of the older version and thus rendering the Bible intelligible to modern readers. The proposed new American Bible, which will contain both the Old and New Testaments, together with the apocrypha and the pseudepigrapha, if, indeed, it should compete with any of the versions now in use, will eventually supersede, not the authorized, but the revised version. The authorized version should be supplemented by a translation of the Bible in modern English, prepared with the help of advanced Hebrew and Greek scholarship, and illustrated by the light shed on this remarkable book by the advances made in recent years in the fields of Oriental history and archæology and the higher criticism. I presume, in view of the specimens of the new version you have given me and the personnel of the translators, that it is superfluous to inquire as to their attitude toward the higher criticism?" "The higher criticism of the Bible," replied Dr. Johnston, "has received much unmerited abuse from those who do not fully comprehend its nature and scope. It is, however, merely the exercise of the

reasoning faculties with which man has been endowed by the Creator. The Bible is not itself the inspired word of God, but contains that word; and critical investigation is necessary in order to determine what was the original word of God and what has been added by man. Let any one, for example, cut out from the New Testament the genuine sayings of our Lord, and paste them together, rejecting all additions of narrative and commentary, and he will easily see what is inspired and what is not."

FREE THOUGHT.....THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

The progress of free thought has been nearly simultaneous in all countries, those that entertain the Protestant faith keeping pace with the rest. In Catholic France and in Protestant England, where public worship is carried on after certain prescribed forms, rationalism has undermined doctrine without making serious disturbance at the surface. The churches are established, and the service goes on regularly for the benefit of those who come to participate. In neither country do the educated members of the various congregations trouble themselves profoundly regarding the meaning of the ritual which they read from printed volumes. In either country the number of church-goers is extremely limited in proportion to the population—that is, in the large cities, a considerable part of the people in the rural districts finding attendance at church more agreeable as furnishing some relief from the monotony of the week. Not one in a hundred—a very moderate estimate—of the population of London is seen in the churches on Sunday. In Paris it is rare, or at least exceptional, to see a man of the middle classes or of the nobility in one of the churches, and these exceptional visits seem usually to be due to the presence of some eloquent preacher, the occurrence of an important festival of the church, or to the stimulus of some family affliction. What is true of these two countries is true in a general way of Spain, Italy, and Austria, though in the latter the devotional spirit is a little more powerful. The same may be said in regard to the religious situation in the Protestant parts of Germany, though the young emperor appears to be sincerely religious, going so far even as to announce that it is only by religion that socialism can be successfully fought, and to use his influence in placing the public schools on a religious basis. One

result of this general neglect of the churches is the alliance of the church everywhere with the conservative elements of the respective countries. In England there are few clergymen comparatively who do not lend their support to Lord Salisbury, often in a manner that is neither decent nor honorable. In France the Catholic Church has become infuriated because the republic has secularized the public schools, and opposes the present government by all the means at its disposal. A few of the higher clergy, acting under the counsel of the Pope, have theoretically accepted things as they are, but the hopes of all are placed in the restoration of royalty or imperialism. Some of the more zealous go so far as to stigmatize the republican government as "atheist," a reproach hardly merited, since nearly all the men in power, though liberal in doctrine, are nominally Catholic or are represented in that Church by their families. It was that Austria and Germany might not be interfering in its quarrel with the Pope in regard to the occupation of Rome that Italy came into the triple alliance. A third of the population of Germany being Catholics, the German government has many delicate questions to adjust with the Holy See that relate to the appointment of church dignitaries or to the management of schools. In Spain the influence of the Catholic Church is always thrown on the side of the extreme Conservative party, which uses this ecclesiastical aid as it is used in France, Italy, and Germany, simply as a means to arrive at its own ends, though none, or very few, of the statesmen availing themselves of this assistance honestly accept the Church's dogmas. As regards the history of free thought, it is interesting to remark that its entering wedge was Protestantism, and that the Catholic hierarchy foresaw that if the new heresy was permitted, the deluge of infidelity would rush in through the open flood-gates. The permission to think freely, to investigate freely, once granted, there was no telling where the matter would end. No sooner was Protestantism established than it broke up into a great variety of sects, some of which went to singular extremes. One of the strictest of these, and one in some respects the most unreasonable, though it was the legitimate offspring of its age, was that of the Independents in England, the ancestors of the Puritans, and so of the denomination known in America as the Congregationalists. From the Congregationalist body came the Unitarians,

on the principle that one extreme begets another, who refined away by their subtleties the divine personality of Christ, and the Universalists, who based their right to the title of sect on the belief that the condemnation of the wicked was not eternal. Since the advent of these two sects there has been little restraints on thought except the forms practised in certain established churches, which have operated in a cohesive way on the senses without preventing, except in the case of ignorant worshippers, the free expansion of the intellect. Other causes than those mentioned have been at work for the last hundred years, among which the most potent have been the discoveries of geologists that proved the creation of the world to have taken place countless ages before the date assigned by the Mosaic record and in a gradual and progressive manner, and those of the evolutionists, who asserted and seemed to prove that man, "the root and crown of things," had, like the world itself, been slowly and laboriously evolved from a series of degraded beings far below him. What is to be the end of free thought, since thought cannot be trammelled? Is religion, the consolation of so many souls, the check on evil action in so many cases, to disappear from the sphere of human life? To this question all fair-minded people will reply with an emphatic Never. No one is in a situation to say what form it may take, but religious worship will remain, whatever may be the future of religious belief; and there are few thinking men who would wish it otherwise.

*IS NATURE MERCILESS ?.....GEN. THOS. J. MORGAN.....THE INDEPENDENT*

Is human life a failure? Is the general outcome of the present scheme disastrous? Does man individually and as a race meet with so much suffering, disappointment, and failure in his struggle with nature that he can, in bitterness and with justice, cry out that nature is merciless; that it has no pity or kindness toward poor humanity? I cannot think so; for after making due allowance for all that may be said on this side of the question, and with a keen appreciation of the woes of humanity, the sufferings of men, the disastrous failures and disappointments in the history of peoples and the breakdowns in whole systems of civilization, it does seem to me that the final result, so far as human history is concerned, is favorable to the idea that nature was wisely planned and is mercifully administered. Individual suffering, as the re-

sult of infraction of natural law, is, in a large degree, disciplinary. It provokes to the study of nature, and is to be credited, in a large degree, with all the progress that man has made in his endeavors to understand and codify her laws. It leads to prudence. "A burned child dreads the fire." Fear of penalty for violated law is one of the safeguards in human life. The very absoluteness of law and penalty, as taught in the halls of science, is one of the great forces leading to human development. The inevitableness of suffering, as the result of violation of law, is the stimulus that drives men in search of remedies, that multiplies remedial agencies, and that stimulates remedial invention; that gives force and pertinency to all sanitary reforms, and that affords free scope for some of the highest traits of humanity. Undoubtedly, if we consider the question of suffering in its relations to any individual or to any narrow section of humanity, we may be overwhelmed with the thought of its terribleness and its apparent mercilessness. But when we survey the whole scope of human life and endeavor, we are constrained to recognize in suffering, as the result of violation of natural law, one of the great beneficent forces of nature designed for man's highest good and truest welfare. A question so far-reaching as this, which seeks to arraign and condemn nature and its Creator because of the inflexibility with which its forces operate, should not be decided on any hasty or partial view, but should seek to comprehend within its scope, not only the individual, but the race, and not only time, but eternity. The individual is not the race, and without impugning nature may, if necessary, be sacrificed for the common good. Time bears little comparison to eternity, and all that occurs within its limits may seem to be severe, harsh, and yet, when measured by the standard of eternity, may be full of wisdom and mercy. Nature is not merciless.

DEFENCE OF PHANTASMS.....FRANK PODMORE.....THE NATIONAL REVIEW

One of the main objects aimed at by those who founded the Society for Psychical Research was to remove from the minds of educated persons, at least, such misconceptions as to the real nature of these phenomena, and to dispel therewith the kindred prejudice that it indicates mental weakness either to have or to take an interest in their occurrence. It was anticipated that with the disappearance of these prejudices

such experiences would for the future be more promptly recorded and more readily placed at the disposal of investigators. We hope that something has already been accomplished in this direction; but progress is slow, and much remains to be done. The manner in which such impressions are actually regarded at the time is well illustrated by two cases in which a letter written immediately after the occurrence has fortunately been preserved. In the first case a well-known scientific draughtsman, Mr. J. G. Keulemans, when working in London one day, at about 11 A.M., had a vivid pictorial impression that his infant son, then absent with Mrs. Keulemans at Worthing, had just fallen out of bed on to the floor. Previous impressions of the kind in Mr. Keulemans' experience had been proved to be representative of external events. Mr. Keulemans tells us that he instantly wrote to his wife, and yet, "I thought it rather bold to tell my wife that the baby had to my conviction really met with any accident, without being able to produce any confirmatory evidence; also I considered that she would take it as an insinuation of carelessness on her part: therefore I purposely wrote it as a *postscriptum*." The letter has fortunately been preserved, and the envelope bears the Worthing post-mark of October 3d, 1883, the day on which the accident actually happened. The postscript runs as follows: "Mind little Gaston does not fall out of bed. Put chairs in front of it. You know accidents soon happen. The fact is, I am almost certain he has met with such a mishap this very morning." It is to a rare combination of favoring circumstances—the occurrence of the impression to a trained scientific observer, whose own experiences had led him to attach weight to impressions of the kind, and whose absence from his family compelled him to write a letter in order to ascertain the facts—that we owe even this imperfect record. The majority of persons are neither skilled in exact observation nor predisposed to regard such subjective experiences as in any way significant; and, while in most cases the need for writing a letter could not have arisen, we may think it improbable that, if written, the letter would have contained any allusion to the writer's experience. In a second case, a student of naval engineering at Portsmouth, when thrown into a hypnotic trance by a fellow-student, had managed, on two occasions, at intervals of three days, to cause a hallucinatory apparition of himself

to be seen by a lady of his acquaintance in London, who was in complete ignorance of the experiments. The hallucination on both occasions seems to have been sufficiently vivid to produce the impression of an actual figure standing in the room. Yet even in this case it was not until after the second occurrence, and in the absence of an expected letter from him, that the percipient thought it worth while to write to the agent to seek for an explanation. As the more striking of the spontaneous cases are concerned with death, and as, in the wise parsimony of nature, it is permitted to men to die but once, we can rarely look for the recurrence of such a happy conjunction of circumstances. And yet the percipient in this case is perhaps not less representative of mankind in general than the punctual scribe who issues in panoply of pen and diary from the Olympian brain of the critic. Even where the note is made or the letter written, the risks which militate against its preservation are many. Very few will be found to take a general and impersonal (in other words, a scientific) interest in occurrences of this kind. Their own isolated experience may possess a deep and abiding interest for themselves, and, less certainly, for their friends: a feeling, however, which is quite compatible with the treatment of the attesting record as waste paper. For, unless it can be used to illustrate or support a theory of a future life, few persons regard a "ghost story" as having any value other than that derived from the personal environment. It appears, indeed, to possess little more significance than an extraordinary run of luck at cards, or a fortunate escape from a railway accident, between which it is commonly sandwiched.

## IN DIALECT

"FUZZY-WUZZY".....FROM RUDYARD KIPLING'S BALLADS

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,  
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:  
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;  
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.  
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:  
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,  
'E cut our sentries up at *Suakim*,  
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;  
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed  
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,  
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,  
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,  
And a Zulu *impi* dishd us up in style  
But all we ever got from such as they  
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;  
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,  
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis an' the kid;  
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.  
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;  
But for all the odds ag'in' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,  
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards;  
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown  
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords.  
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush  
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,  
An' 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush  
Will last an' 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are  
no more.

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;  
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,  
For, if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.  
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!  
'E's a Injia-rubber idiot on the spree;  
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn  
For a regiment o' British infantree!

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;  
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick'ead of 'air—  
You big, black, boundin' beggar—for you broke a British  
square!

THE DAGUERRETYPE.....EVA WILDER M'GLASSON.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

You hev to holt it sidewise  
Fer to make the lightness show,  
'Cuz it's sort uh dim an' shifty  
Till you git it right—'bout *so*!  
An' then the eyes winks at yeh,  
An' the mouth is cherry-ripe.  
Law! it beats your new-style picters,  
This old digerrytype!

Thar's a blush acrost the dimples  
Thet burrows in the cheeks;  
F'om out them clumps o' ringlets  
Two little small ears peeks,  
Thet brooch thet jines her neck-gear  
Is what they used to wear;  
A big gold frame thet sprawled around  
A lock o'—some one's hair.

'Twas took 'fore we was married,  
Thet there—your maw an' me.

An' times I study on it,  
 Why, 't fazes me to see  
 Thet fifty year ain't teched her  
 A lick! She's jest the same  
 She was when Sudie Scriggens  
 Took Boone C. Curds's name.

The hair is mebby whiter  
 'An it was in '41,  
 But her cheeks is jest as pinky,  
 An' her smiles ain't slacked up none.  
 I reckon—love—er somethin'  
 Yerluminates her face,  
 Like the crimsont velvet linin'  
 Warms up the picter-case.

'S I say, these cyard-boa'd portraits,  
 They make me sort uh tired,  
 A-grinnin' forf upun yeh  
 Like their very lips was wired!  
 Give me the old digerrytype,  
 Whar the face steals on your sight  
 Like a dream that comes by night-time  
 When your supper's actin' right.

ONE MEMORY THAT RESTRAINS.....THE DETROIT TRIBUNE

Oh, often, very often, as about the world I roam,  
 I git a kind ur hankerin' to take a run down home.  
 There ain't no month ner time ur year but what I'm like ter be  
 A-thinking of the folks I know an' that I'd like ter see;  
 I strikes 'em 'long 'bout Christmas; it strikes me in the fall,  
 An' also in the summer, wen grass is gittin' tall,  
 Fer each New England seezun an' each New England day  
 Hez sum partickler charm fer me wen I am far away.  
 But mostly spring-time ketches me—it's awful pretty there  
 With hills an' little valleys so fresh an' green an' fair.  
 When ev'rything's a-wakin' up an' all the people smile—  
 I tell ye it's a picter ter make ye think awhile—  
 But that I won't start out jist yet, I'm willin' to allow:  
 Fer ye see it's rather early, an' they're pickin' stone jist now.

## BIOGRAPHICAL

A GREAT PARIS DETECTIVE.....THE NEW YORK WORLD

They say in Paris that the good Father gave to Rossignol two things—one physical, his face; one moral, his courage. His face wears such an expression of honesty, frankness, sincerity, and innocence that one turns and looks after him for his wings. His courage—ah, you shall hear of his courage. Rossignol is chief inspector of the detectives of Paris. What kind of a man a good French detective is can best be learned by studying him, one of the stars of the force. To-day he is forty-five, some five feet six inches in height, of a very athletic build, and with an eye like a gimlet. He looks as if nothing could escape and nothing disconcert him. To the calm resoluteness of middle age he unites all the alertness of youth. One of his most valuable qualities is his perfect capacity to meet the lowest classes on their own ground. In the thieves' kitchen and drinking-den he is received with genuine cordiality. He can perfectly adapt himself to his surroundings; he is as much at home and at ease tracking a murderer as guarding Mme. La Princesse, who is nervous because she wears all her diamonds to the opera. All Frenchmen are born actors. Rossignol is a Mounet-Sully among them. He assumes exactly the character of the disguise he dons, although he never "makes up" his face. See him at the races and you'd think to yourself, "There's an easy-going fellow who makes a good living by following the horses." He may pretend to grow wildly excited over a close finish, but otherwise he looks straight before him—at nothing. He is really looking for a cashier who has stolen, to squander the money on women and at betting. Rossignol has played the workingman and obtained employment in a factory in order to make the acquaintance of one of the hands whom he suspected. He has been arrested as a tramp and lodged in the same cell with a man under suspicion to get his story out of him. In this he completely succeeded, appearing afterward to give evidence in court to the equal astonishment of judge, prisoner, and police, who had not the least idea of his identity. Disguised as a locksmith one would swear that Rossignol could open any safe, pick any lock. His whole bearing is that of the honest workman who knows only his trade. As

he goes along whistling, hammer over his shoulder, ring of keys in hand, housewives call him in because they are sure they can trust themselves and their property with him. "He has such a good face," they say. And he does a good piece of work, for he is an expert machinist. Try to imagine one of New York's ward detectives, or a shrewder Central Office man, wearing any disguise. Could he divest himself of the characteristics, the walk, the bearing, the self-assertiveness, that mark his every-day behavior? Why, if he changed his thick-soled shoes, he would be lost. On the other hand, Rossignol gets into the sabots of the slaughter-house butcher and wears them as if he were born in them. Rossignol's tenacity of purpose and devotion to duty are only equalled by his courage. One or two instances may be given. In June, 1886, he seized a runaway carriage horse which was careering down the street, and clung to it until, after being dragged along for one hundred and fifty yards, he was borne down, and both horse and vehicle passed over his body. For this act of bravery, which cost him some days in bed, he was awarded a silver medal. Not long after he had returned to duty, and when still suffering from the effects of the accident, he was ordered to investigate a jewel robbery. Suspicion fell on one Didier, to whose lodgings Rossignol repaired. No one was at home, so he set a mouse-trap—that is, he ensconced himself on the premises and waited. Next morning a little girl came and asked for M. Didier, saying that a man was waiting below to see him. Rossignol slipped downstairs, but the man on catching sight of him instantly took to his heels. The detective pursued and seized him round his body, whereupon the man, who had a dagger in his hand, plunged it again and again into his defenceless opponent. Faint and bleeding from six severe wounds, Rossignol clung to his prey like a terrier, and, fixing his teeth in the man's arm, made him drop the knife; nor did he relinquish his hold until assistance arrived and the ruffian was secured. The man turned out to be Duval, a notorious anarchist and desperado. "Wait a bit, my boy," he howled ferociously, "I shall meet you again, and then I shall finish you." The other members of the gang were subsequently captured. Rossignol, who was laid up several weeks, received a gold medal and a gratifying letter from the *prefet de police*, to this effect: "I have already expressed in person the feelings

of esteem and sympathy with which your long career, abounding in acts of courage and devotion, has inspired me. I am proud to command a force which includes among its members men such as you." Rossignol's first remarkable feat was performed in April, 1879, in connection with the case of the notorious murderers Gilles and Abadie, whose arrest he assisted in effecting. In order to complete the evidence against them, it was necessary to recover certain articles and particularly a knife, which they were believed to have thrown into the Canal St.-Martin. The diver, however, was taken ill before the completion of his task, and Rossignol, though he had never done such a thing before, volunteered to take his place, which he did with complete success. He remained under water for several hours, sending up one thing after another, and finally emerged himself with the identical knife in his grasp. The incident is characteristic of the coolness and determination of the man. He received a special reward of thirty francs and a raise of one hundred francs a year salary. Shortly afterward he performed another voluntary aquatic feat. A horse had been brought to bathe in the Seine. The coachman, seated on the shore, let go the reins, which became entangled about the animal's legs, and it was fast drowning when Rossignol jumped in just as he was, freed the reins, and brought the poor beast safely ashore. The coachman offered him five francs for the "injury done to his clothes," but it was of course refused. His reward on this occasion was twenty-five francs, and an attack of bronchitis which laid him up for a week. In the following year he had an opportunity of displaying in a sensational case his remarkable capacity for tracking criminals. A widow named Stordeur was found murdered, and amid great excitement the police were set to hunt for the assassin. After much inquiry, suspicion fell on a man named Bistor, who, however, had disappeared and left no trace. Agents were despatched in different directions, and among others Rossignol and Jaume, who worked in company. They disguised themselves as pedlars and set to work systematically to scour the environs of Paris. Their investigations led them to suspect the identity of Bistor with a certain Charles, and they traversed from one neighborhood to another, inquiring from door to door after the latter. At last they reached Creil, and there came upon his traces. The people at the inn knew Charles,

and directed the supposed pedlars to his house, where they found his wife at home. Rossignol represented himself as an old friend of Charles, and expressed much disappointment at missing him. "Ma foi!" he exclaimed, "I shouldn't like to leave Creil without shaking hands with my old pal." The woman, who had been suspicious, fell into the trap, and informed them that she expected him back at eleven o'clock. Meantime they had taken stock of the premises, and noticed certain evidences which made them pretty sure that Charles was their man, so they accepted her invitation to await his return. At eleven he appeared with two friends, and all three were arrested, though two were armed with revolvers and one with a cold-chisel. Charles turned out to be the murderer Bistor, and his friends two other malefactors.

*DUMAS THE YOUNGER.....CORRESPONDENCE OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE*

M. Dumas, after this inexplicable sacrifice (the sale of his pictures), will go to Marly le Roi, and live next door to his close friend Victorien Sardou. Curious, is it not? that they should be chums. For they are rivals. They are the two foremost playwrights of the age. Perhaps the absence of jealousy between them arises from the fact that they are about equally successful, and, moreover, that each is as successful as he could hope to be were the other not in existence at all. There is much difference between them, however. A play by Dumas is a finished bit of literature, perfect in style and profound in thought; while a play by Sardou is merely a brilliant plot, full of strong situations, but clothed in altogether inferior language. Nevertheless, M. Dumas is a master of construction as well as of style. His constructive ability comes from his wonderful gift of order, which is a monomania with him, and which is the most extraordinary trait of all his character. Such a gift of order and precision as he has would be remarkable in any man. It is much more so in him, since he is the son of one of the least orderly and least methodical men that ever lived. The elder Dumas was one of the most careless of men in all respects; a spendthrift of money and of genius, he has been rightly called. The house, during the boyhood of Dumas the younger, says one who knew it well, was continually full of literary toadies, bohemians, and impecunious artists. These formed the great Dumas' court, burned incense under his face, ate his dinners,

borrowed his money and forgot to repay it; and passed his boy about from hand to hand as an artistic curiosity that was to be admired, or as a pet dog, that was to be spoiled. In this fashion the lad grew up until he was eighteen, at which age his father placed a roll of bank-notes in his hands and spoke in this paternal wise: "When a man inherits the name of Alexandre Dumas, he should lead the life of a prince, dine at the *Café Anglais*, and be generous with his money. Go and amuse yourself. When you have spent that, you shall have more. If you contract debts, I will pay them." The elder Dumas practised all he preached; and by degrees the cash-bowls on his desk (his money was never locked up in drawers, but lay in bowls, open to all comers) began to be more and more often empty. One day when his son came to levy supplies from them, he found they were in possession of the bailiffs, along with the rest of the house's furniture; and though his father cried to him with one of his hearty laughs that this was nothing, and that money was as fast earned as spent, yet this little episode set young Dumas thinking that if he should suddenly become an orphan he should find himself face to face with his own debts and his father's, possessed of no assets and no profession, and, besides all this, having a sister to support. Perforce, therefore, young Dumas turned over a new leaf of life. He dismissed his servants, sold his horses and carriages, separated himself from all his riotous associates, and settled down to work. Since that time order and regularity has been the dominant passion of his life. He has become a cold, mechanical, reserved man, with that scrutinizing, questioning vein which marks scientists. He looks upon playwriting as a science which only a psychologist and a "moral pathologist" can pursue. It is also an art, but the art lies in the construction, the science rendered in the analysis of motive, and the portrayal of character which must be based upon long observation and close study. The highest of his productions is and always has been the result of thought and labor. He does not, as his father did, sit down of a morning with six-and-thirty blank pages, quarto size, before him, and make it his duty to cover them with writing of some sort before going out. Having got an idea—or a paradox, for to his essentially French mind it is all one—into his head, he turns the same over patiently by himself, discusses it among his friends, perhaps for months. He deter-

mines upon the plot of a play, the characters, the number of acts, etc., beforehand, and when all is ship-shape he sits down to write. To each act he gives exactly twenty sheets of paper, for he believes that brevity, conjoined with good writing and a smart plot, is the soul of a play. Each separate act must be compressed within the limits of those twenty sheets of paper. Dumas writes his dialogue at headlong speed, but afterward comes the labor of severe criticism. When the play leaves his hands, it is a masterpiece of construction and dialogue. Similar thoughtfulness and order mark all his relations and activities, and it has been humorously hinted that this is why he is selling off his pictures, to get rid of the trouble of keeping them perfectly in place. A picture hung out of the vertical line will irritate him; the sight of books leaning at this and that angle against each other on their shelves is unendurable to him. He is still called Dumas the younger, though he is now sixty-seven years old. Unlike his father as he is in temperament, he closely resembles him in looks, save that he shows less negro blood. His hair is, however, woolly, and his general appearance strongly reminds one of the author of *Monte Cristo*. The forehead is lofty and haughty, heavy brows arch the soft blue eyes, the lips are voluptuous, and disclose a fine set of white teeth when the face breaks into a smile. The heavy lower jaw ends in a prominent chin. The complexion is a dull brown, as if tanned, and is relieved by a delicate rose tint on the cheeks. Dumas is tall, robust, solidly built. His broad shoulders are a little rounded. He has muscular hands, streaked with veins in relief, the fingers being supple and delicate—the hand of a writer, or, if necessary, of an athlete. The personal habits of M. Dumas are characteristic. He rises at 6:30 in summer and at 7 in winter. After dressing, he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends, and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until four, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at seven, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper, and needs from eight to nine hours of repose.

## TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, SPORT

*A HAMPSHIRE MOOR.....ROSE KINGSLEY.....ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE*

Ah! the freshness of the moor after a shower. Down in the vale the grass is reeking with rain, and a white mist is rising from the steaming ground. But come up the hill, and all is changed. The wood-wren is trilling heavenly little cadences in the oak-tree tops on the mount. The "storm-cock" and the blackbird are shouting against each other across the road, beyond the old red brick farmhouse with its tall chimneys on Vass' Hill, where the gnarled oak-roots crawl like huge green snakes down the sandy banks. The nightingale is sobbing out her heart in the dark holly by the roadside. And as we reach the beginning of the moor the sun bursts forth, and turns every oak branch, every holly leaf, every fir bough, every heather twig, into a quivering, shimmering mass of diamonds. Sentinel over the bog on our right stand three huge Scotch firs. On our left a few poor fields crawl out into the waste—the last remnants of cultivation, hardly richer or more fruitful than the moorland itself. The point where fields end and moor begins is marked outside the crumbly banks of earth by a delicate growth of turf, short, crisp, springy turf—close-cropped by the wandering cow, by the gipsy's donkey—turf unlike any other we have ever seen—turf that, when cut in long strips, rolled up, and carted into gardens, makes the most velvety lawns imaginable: but turf that in its own place is a thousand times more lovely and lovable than in the stateliest garden in the world. It is so close, so sweet, so herby, our moorland turf. The grass is so fine and aromatic, one quite envies the donkey nibbling away at it; though doubtless he, poor fellow, would find the rank grass of the Midlands, the rich hay of the Thames Valley, more satisfying to his appetite. Then such dainty things grow in this moorland turf. After our shower, the eye-bright is opening the little yellow eye in its tiny white flower, and twinkling at the sun. The milkworts, blue, white, and pink, have shaken the rain off their hard, smooth leaves and flowers, like water off the backs of microscopic ducks. The graceful harebell raises her head as the sparkling drops fall from her blue, almost transparent bell, and free the over-weighted hair-like stalk from its unwonted burden. The

bird's-foot trefoil lifts claw-shaped yellow and red blossoms from its creeping stem. Only the camomile is the worse for its wetting; for the daisy petals cling sadly together. But as we crush it under foot, it gives forth its pungent, aromatic odor with double strength to make up for its bedraggled looks. And what shall we say of the wild thyme? Nay, but a burning hot day suits that best. As one lies on the crisp grass that gives under one with a dry little crushing sound, and buries one's face, regardless of ants and spiders, in a bed of purple thyme, one is inclined to think that life has nothing better, certainly nothing more freshly fragrant, to give one. The rain has brought out all savors. The air is a very bouquet of sweetness. The silver birches, trooping in dainty procession like dancing nymphs down the sides of the bog, fill the whole atmosphere with that subtle and delicious fragrance they possess while the sap is rising, that emanates, not from flower or leaf only, but from the whole tree itself. And from the golden gorse—the king of the moorland—rises a scent of apricots that exceeds all else for richness. It has more the quality of a tropic perfume than of one in our chill northern clime. A noble plant truly is the gorse—the furze, or “fuzz,” as we Hampshire folk call it. Save in springtime on a Californian hill-side, it is difficult to find a more vivid mass of color than a sheet of gorse in full bloom. Almost rivalling it in intensity is the broom. Perhaps the color is as brilliant. Yet it is a slightly colder yellow, wanting the touch of red gold that gives the gorse its strength. In early summer the heath here and there is covered with a web of multitudes of finest red threads. On these presently appear clusters of minute flowers, looking as if they had been moulded in white or pink wax by fairies' hands: it is that strange, leafless parasite, the lesser dodder (*Cuscuta epithymum*), which lives on the heath and almost smothers it in its tangle of crossing red threads. In one or two favored spots—far be it from me to betray their whereabouts—the dark blue head of *Gentiana pneumonanthe* rises through the pink carpet of heather, startling in the intensity of its color and bringing with it visions of its cousins *Gentiana acaulis* and *bavarica* on far-away Alps; of primulas and ranunculi and white lilies, stretches of alpenrose, tinkling cowbells, work-worn peasants, snow peaks rising above the cruel rocks, and the “everlasting glory of the hills.” The only approach to

a hill here is where the moor sinks away into a little valley worn by "rain and rivers"—by the tiny spring that, like our streamlet, has eaten its way in past ages down through the porous gravel soil, and formed a hollow often running up half a mile or more into the tableland of the moor. So gentle is the descent of the little stream that the hollow is filled with a mass of bog. And woe to the unwary youth who, having just joined his regiment at Aldershot, ventures in the arrogance of his young experience to despise the perils of a Hampshire bog. There are many round Hartfordbridge Flats several hundred yards in width and length. How deep their treachery, who can tell? Certain young heath-croppers in the old house at Eversley tried over and over again to touch the bottom of one specially dangerous quaking-bog within a quarter of a mile of their home. But no pole they could carry ever reached solid ground. And the horror of the bog with its quivering hummocks of tussock-grass remained one of the delightful terrors of their childhood.

*SALTPETRE CAVE.....THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE*

Saltpetre Cave is known to every man, woman and child in the northwestern part of Georgia. Thousands have visited it since the war. Strangers from distant States have been drawn toward it by the many legends connected with its past history. The galleries near the mouth are worn smooth by the countless feet that have trodden the clay floors and the hands that have felt the way along the damp walls. Evidences of the use to which it was put during the war are visible everywhere that the light of a torch or candle can penetrate. The grim stalagmites, once white as the driven snow, are covered as with a pall. All are in deepest mourning. They look black as night, and feel greasy. The stalactites have an unnatural appearance, all blackened as they were by the smoke of the miners' lamps, and now streaked with white. Great masses of loose stone are to be found everywhere, and the tourist must pick his way over them with exceeding care. The labyrinthine passages diverging from a great central chamber in every direction are filled with pitfalls for the unwary, and more than one life has been sacrificed in the search for the main gallery, which is said to extend a distance of twenty-three miles into the bowels of the earth. Not since Major Farrow was driven from the cave by General Sherman's

men have all the galleries been accessible. It is known to the old "residents" that the Northern soldiers made complete wreck of the potash works and the mines by closing some of the galleries in which saltpetre was found in the largest quantities, and these have never been reopened. It is doubtful if there lives to-day a man who could point the way to the lofty corridor that extends under the Etowah River and has an opening somewhere on its western bank. A few expeditions have been organized to find the entrance, but all have failed to get beyond the enormous masses of ledge rock that form the innermost wall of the central chamber, and present an awful barrier to even the most foolhardy adventurer. Tons upon tons of rock jut far out from floor, wall, and roof, and every ledge seems to be waiting for a signal to come toppling down. The weight of a man would seem sufficient to bring down all the monster boulders from their narrow perch. Overhead the rock is spread out like a vast umbrella without visible means of support. It rings like a bell at the tap of a hammer, vibrates like a tuning-fork, and swings like a parachute. The head aches from nervousness when you walk beneath it. Being in the neighborhood, the writer was anxious to explore its chambers and galleries. Dr. Willis Westmoreland, the distinguished surgeon of Atlanta, and Secretary Saunders, of the Chamber of Commerce, joined the party. A camping outfit, with provisions for a week, rope-ladders, lanterns, prospecting picks, compasses, etc., were prepared, and, with negroes to carry the burdens, the party descended into the cave on Friday afternoon at four o'clock. The main floor is one hundred and fifty feet below the opening, which slopes at an angle of fifty degrees, and is obstructed with jagged boulders of every size over which progress is both difficult and dangerous. The party had no guides. There were no guides to be found. Every white man and every negro living within twenty miles knew how to go in about half a mile and how to get out again, and could point out by candlelight the ballroom in which the Indians were wont to dance, the bat chamber, the whispering-gallery, the panther's den, and the old woman who, like Lot's wife, had turned to salt; but none knew the entrance to the main gallery which Sherman's soldiers had closed up, and the explorers decided to find their way without assistance. To be sure, the visitors did not intend to lose themselves.

Dr. Westmoreland took along about seven miles of that fine silver wire used by surgeons for ligatures, and this was stretched from point to point wherever the labyrinths were confusing. Only those who have explored caves can understand the amazing ease with which one can go astray and be completely, hopelessly lost. Landmarks are lost sight of because from every changing point of view they wear a new look. But the silver thread was a perfect guide, and the explorers learned to follow it with the best of faith. Often it guided them over ledges, beside precipices, and on the edge of abysses that seemed bottomless; but by following it they always escaped the dangers that beset the way. Salt-petre Cave is the property of Mark Hardin, clerk of the Georgia House of Representatives, who afforded the party every facility for visiting it, and undertook to tell where the entrance to the main gallery might be found. "About one hundred and fifty feet from the opening," he said, "there is a pile of loose rock about eight feet high, and just over the top of it a small hole. A large man could not squeeze through it. I went through it when a boy and found the entrance to the inner cave." The explorers camped with the bats, wild cats and snakes four days and nights, sleeping upon the bare stones, but never came upon the small hole. Every inch of the wall was carefully explored. Holes innumerable were found and into every one a member of the party crawled till the body became tightly wedged, but none led to the gallery for which the search was made. The writer is sure that he crawled altogether half a mile on his face in slimy openings so small that when his arms were once extended straight in front they could not be drawn back to his side. The style of locomotion was much like that of an eel. Once, in attempting to go around a low stalagmite to enter a side opening, the writer stuck fast till Dr. Westmoreland and Mr. Saunders pulled him out by the heels. The party left no nook unexplored. On the morning of the third day they found near the end of one of the deepest galleries a round hole in the roof. The negroes were sent back for a piece of timber, and up this the explorers climbed into a grand chamber of marvellous beauty, that seemed never to have been entered before by man. Long, slender, graceful stalactites hung from the groined and vaulted roof, their sharp points endangering the head and back of the explorer

who dared to stand erect. When these were tapped lightly with a pick, they gave forth such sounds as never were heard above ground. The explorers soon found two octaves in perfect tune, and sat there for hours ringing the changes on Home, Sweet Home, Nearer My God to Thee, Heart Bowed Down, and other well-known airs. The chamber was named the Organ Loft. On the following morning, accompanied only by two negroes, the writer revisited it, and in the roof thought he saw an opening that led to the surface of the ground. One of the negroes was helped up the side wall over stalagmites till he lay upon a sloping shelf ten feet over the writer's head. "Now crawl up the opening to see how large it is," I said. "Hush!" he shouted. "Dat ain't no openin'. It's sump'n' white. Le' me git down fum here." "Go on, go on," I ordered. "See what it is, or I'll put out the light and leave you." Frightened into obedience, he reached up and touched the white thing, which rolled down against him, rattled horribly, bounced against a stalagmite, and fell at my feet. A glance told me it was a human skull. With one unearthly yell, the negro followed it. He shot to the floor, then, scampering up, rushed wildly off in the darkness. That soon frightened him worse, and he came back to cling about my knees and beg me in piteous moans to go away. I climbed to the shelf and found some parts of the skeleton, a hip bone and the two bones of the left leg below the knee, and with these as trophies returned to camp. The skull, near the temple, was broken as if from the blow of an axe or pick. No doubt a murder had been done and some animal had taken the bones to that lonely shelf in the Organ Loft. The party decided that the bones must have been there not less than sixteen years. The negroes were much concerned. "Cap'n," said Rube, "ef we don't put dem skeletons back whar dey b'longs, we's gwine ter hev trouble. Sump'n's gwine ter happen." "Come, Rube," I said cheerfully, "light the lanterns. We're going to find the den of the phantom horse and the whangdoodle." "Cap'n, I ain't got no business atter dem things. Jes' leave me out." "Light the lanterns, Rube." "Cap'n, ain't yo' gwine ter put dem bones back?" "Light—the—lanterns, Rube!" "Cap'n, what's de use ter light dese lanterns now? Dey ain't gwine ter burn wid dem bones layin' dar." Sundry threats of breaking his head were required to induce him to light the lanterns. That night he

changed his bed nine times, and laid it all to the "ha'nts," who, he declared, turned him over whenever he got to sleep.

WRESTLING.....CASPAR W. WHITNEY.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

It has remained for us in this country to grow gradually to an appreciation of the game, and only in the last few years have we begun its earnest study. We Americans have been slower to grasp the benefits of this magnificent sport than our English cousins, because we have not been in such an atmosphere of its constant indulgence. There has been professional wrestling, and plenty of it, on the British Isles time out of mind, and it has naturally stimulated the sport among amateurs. Indeed, old newspaper accounts of the professional wrestling bouts in England read like our own football crowds of to-day. In this country, until comparatively late years, we have had no great amount of professional wrestling; in truth, we have very little of it even to-day, but this is due to the decadence of professional contests of all kinds, and not to wrestling. Among American professionals, however, there stand out a few who are marvellously good—notably Muldoon and Hugh Leonard, a pupil of his school, who, at their respective weights, are probably two of the most skilful men in the universe. I pay this tribute to these professionals, because, not only does their individual skill stand out pre-eminent, but it has been under their instruction that a very great many of our amateurs have acquired the first and best principles of wrestling. These two, together with Dr. Shell, of Swarthmore College, and Mr. Nelligan, of Cornell, have done much to bring wrestling in America up to its present standard. In this country there are three distinctive styles of wrestling—catch-as-catch-can, Græco-Roman, and collar-and-elbow. Probably it will be as well to touch on the styles abroad for a few lines, in order to give a better understanding of just where we stand. The two most popular styles in England, which is really the wrestling centre, are the Cumberland and Westmoreland—the Northern school—and the Cornish and Devonshire. They are very dissimilar in both manœuvre and costume. In the former the contestants dress in tights, with trunks and stockings; and though the variety of their holds is not extensive, they are very effective, and form actually the basis of all wrestling. The position of the wrestlers in this style is an odd one to us: the men stand up

chest to chest, each placing his chin on the other's right shoulder, grasping him round the body with both arms, each with the left above the right of his antagonist. When the men have secured their hold and are fairly on guard, the play begins, and with the exception of kicking, every device may be employed to throw the other. A "fall" is called when any portion of the body of either—the foot, of course, excepted—touches the ground. A "fall" is also called on the one who looses his hold, though he is not thrown. If both fall to the ground, the one first down or falls under shall be the loser. This style is very popular in these counties, and a contest creates as much enthusiasm as it did a century ago. The Cornish and Devonshire style is somewhat like our collar-and-elbow, a fall being three points—two hips and a shoulder, or two shoulders and a hip. In the latter a harness is worn, which provides for a secure hold, while in the former it is a strong linen jacket, which hangs on the wearer very loosely as far down as the hips, and is tied in front by two strings. The idea of the jacket hanging as loosely as possible on the wearer is so as not to give the opponent an opportunity for a firm hold. In both styles the contestants depend very largely on the skilful use of their legs in tripping, etc. Formerly, the Devonshire wrestler had the extra privilege of kicking, and, as his shoes were of baked leather, the soles reinforced by a piece of sheet-iron, it may be assumed the shins of his unfortunate adversary were frequently pretty thoroughly sliced. This style was prevalent only during the early days of wrestling, when the brute nature of man had not undergone the refining influences of civilization. The other style prevailing in England is the Lancashire, which is practically the catch-as-catch-can hold, and has steadily grown in favor since its introduction, despite the widely distributed criticisms of some of the old-timers, who see nothing good outside of their own chosen styles. In France a style is prevalent similar to the Græco-Roman; indeed, it is sometimes so called. It permits of no hold below the waist, and prohibits tripping, back heeling, and, as one must always face one's opponent, neither the buttock nor cross-buttock can be used. Strange to say, this is the same style that has been adopted in Germany; but neither country has produced any wrestlers or school of wrestling that have made an especial impression on the athletic world. In Scotland, the Cumber-

land and Westmoreland style is followed in the border counties, but in the north the Lancashire has the greater number of adherents. In Japan, wrestling holds the highest position of all athletic games, and, what is more, it has held such a position as far back as Japanese history takes us. Contests are affairs of more or less popular importance, and invariably create the greatest excitement among the spectators. The style is something on the catch-as-catch-can order, and that the Japs become remarkably skilful is easily attested by all those who saw Matsada Sarakichi during his tour of this country. He was a small man, but his agility and science baffled many a wrestler much stronger. But it is to the amateur and the catch-as-catch-can style that we come finally for the highest development of wrestling. There are no two opinions on the superiority of the catch-as-catch-can style—superiority as a means of exercise and as a means of defence. To begin with, it is the most natural style of wrestling, because it permits of any hold, and contestants are at liberty to exercise all means to bring the opponent down, as they would in an actual struggle. On the Continent, no hold lower than the waist is allowed, but here in amateur contests one may catch hold wherever he can, the only restrictions being the full nelson, and the strangle hold, which was first brought into prominence by the professional Evar. Lewis, who, because of his fondness for the deadly grasp, was nicknamed "The Strangler." It is never permitted in amateur matches, is barred in most professional ones, and should be in all, for once it is attained, there is no especial skill required, merely a continued exhibition of brute strength; for once one is caught and firmly held, the rest of the performance is simply choking him into acknowledgment of defeat or insensibility. Before going further, I must say a few words on wrestling as a means of defence. The average man at all familiar with the sport hardly looks upon it in this light; to him it is a means of exercise; he has never thought of it as a weapon. Such it is, however, and a most serviceable one on occasion. There are a number of "holds," like the buttock, cross-buttock, back-heel, and strangle, which one may use in an emergency, such as being attacked by one or more ruffians, with satisfaction to one's-self, and discomfiture, if nothing more serious, to one's adversary. If to the knowledge of wrestling there is added something on boxing,

the combination makes an opponent for whom a considerable degree of respect is highly appropriate. It should always be remembered by those who go in for any of the athletic arts as a means of protection in case of need, that when one is set on in the street, or other place where the contest is not likely to be governed by any recognized code of rules, there is likely to be a rush and a clinch. You may be able to keep your opponent off by well-directed blows, but a clinch is pretty apt to follow sooner or later. It is at such a moment that one's wrestling knowledge is of inestimable value, a back-heel, a cross-buttock, a flying-mere, or, if need be, a strangle hold, has a remarkably quieting effect on the hoodlum. As an exercise, as a tissue-making, blood-stirring sport, there is nothing in-doors to equal wrestling. It stretches every muscle, it builds up flat chests, strengthens unsteady legs and soft arms, and gives one coolness, determination, and quickness. The qualities necessary in football, and that make it so desirable for the training of the boy—patience, judgment, strength tempered by cool direction—are the same essentials to the successful wrestler. There are some English writers on the subject so wedded to their own Cumberland and Westmoreland style, and so prejudiced against all others, that they have lost no opportunity of denouncing the catch-hold style in the strongest terms. Unquestionably, with unprincipled men as opponents, a weak-minded referee, and no holds barred, a catch-as-catch-can bout may become a brutal and very serious affair. The same may be said of any contest where the principals are determined on evading the rules, and doing one another as much damage as possible. But we have nothing to do in this country with the class from which the British wrestling critics gather their data. Our wrestling is chiefly among amateurs, and we find our rules and an observing referee quite equal to the emergency of an occasional contestant bent on doing mischief. It hardly speaks well for one's intelligent observation or reading to argue against the catch-as-catch-can style. Its very antiquity (for the group in the Uffizi Gallery certainly shows the catch-hold style, with the uppermost man trying the back-hammer lock) stamps it as tried and not found wanting. And a close study of the other styles will show that, as followed to-day, it virtually comprises all the others, and includes the best part of each one of them.

## FADS AND FANCIES

THE DECAY OF DANCING.....LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.....NEW YORK TRUTH

When a London hostess wishes to give a ball, she is usually forced to apply to certain well-known "social providers," who, themselves of mature age, are habitually to be found in those haunts of beardless youths, the "Bachelors'" and "Isthmian" clubs. Like the poulterer who is desired to send in so many quails and ortolans ready trussed for the supper, the provider will be requested to bring so many "dancing men," and it must be owned that the faultless array in which they appear does him as much credit as the little birds aforesaid, each one resplendent in its waistcoat of fat white bacon or green vine-leaf, reflect credit on the poulterer. Each contingent does its duty creditably. The dancing men are active in the ball-room, the quails are succulent at supper; and the comparison might be made still more closely as regards the amount of brains which each contingent may be said to possess. But that these dancing marionettes (who are certainly as much hired out by their provider as if they had been sent from the establishment of the great Whiteley) fulfil what is expected of them there is no denying. Whether they like dancing or not, they know quite well that the eye of the "social provider" is upon them, and that if they do not acquit themselves of the task of whirling *débutante* after *débutante* round the room, their names will be struck off the provider's list, and they will sink back into obscurity. Such dancing material is admirably adapted for a young girl in her first or second season, who would sooner dance with the tongs than not dance at all. Besides, the alternative for her is to sit against a wall under the maternal wing, and to be pitied by her girl-friends for her "wall-flower" condition. But as soon as a girl's brain develops a little, and the first novelty and excitement of her entrance into society wear off, she begins to be aware of a certain monotony in the never-ending succession of youthful partners who, to judge by their appearance and conversation, might be turned out by the gross by a Nuremberg doll factory. It should be borne in mind that a girl is, as a rule, a considerably brighter and more intelligent being than a youth of the same age, a fact she is not long in perceiving, and then, with feminine ingrati-

tude, she is apt to turn and rend the partner she was only too glad to accept a couple of years previously. But it is not long before she becomes aware that, if dancing is her object, it is a matter of "Hobson's choice." The callow fledgling whom she despises is the only existing specimen of the "dancing man;" and as his dancing, as a rule, is not of that absolute perfection which covers all deficiencies, moral as well as physical, in the eyes of a girl who really loves dancing for itself, she very soon comes to the conclusion that to sit out a dance with an older and more experienced partner (who asserts that "dancing is rather a bore, you know") is more amusing than to be whirled and bumped round the ball-room by the callow fledgling aforesaid, with whom conversation is an impossibility and dancing a doubtful pleasure. Among the many sapient and delightful remarks which George Meredith puts into the mouth of his adorable Diana of the Crossways is that wherein she says that "though men may have passed Seraglio Point, they have not yet doubled Cape Turk;" and this truth (for never was a truer sentence written) is no doubt at the bottom of the modern man's disinclination to dance. With the laziness of an Oriental he prefers to have his dancing done for him, and in the matter of dancing, as in that of most other arts, it is far easier to sit in judgment upon the performances of others than to lay one's self open to criticism by attempting to perform one's self. This gradual decline in the popularity of dancing has had two effects which might almost be deemed contradictions were it not easy enough to trace them back to their cause: the innate dislike and laziness of man as regards taking an active share in his own amusement. One result is the increased popularity of the cotillon in this country, where a few years ago, while society still cared for dancing *per se*, it was looked upon askance as a childish game that was rather apt to expose the individual to ridicule. But of late years many social barriers have been broken down; wealth has become in society a factor of surpassing force; and wealthy hostesses were not long in discovering that their ball-rooms, which, under ordinary circumstances, would remain either distressingly empty or be crowded with a list of nobodies (who by no means fulfilled the hostess' ambition for aristocratic recognition), might be made "to blossom like the rose" with the most gorgeous flowers of the London *parterre*

by the simple expedient of announcing a cotillon with lavish accessories. The bait and bribe invariably take, and the glorious art of dancing, which is as true and beautiful an art when properly understood as its sisters of music and painting, is dragged down from its airy pedestal, and converted into a mere excuse for vulgar ostentation on the one hand and indelicate greed on the other. Not that I wish to condemn the cotillon as a whole; within proper limits it makes a charming conclusion to an evening's amusement, combining as it does the minimum of dancing with the maximum of amusement, at the time when people are beginning to get a little tired and to be glad of an excuse to sit down, and if the presents are simply flowers and ribbon favors, there is nothing to say against so picturesque a feature being introduced. Its objectionable possibilities only arise when good taste is outraged by the introduction of costly and cumbersome gifts, such as fans, glove boxes, caskets, walking-canes, parasols, and Heaven knows what besides, which have no possible excuse for their introduction into the ball-room except as a bribe to the guests, and a means of vulgar display of wealth on the part of the host and hostess. The second and still more contradictory result of the decline of dancing in general is the development of dancing in particular, with which it is said we are threatened this coming season. As the men in society are giving up dancing, the women are said to be taking to it; and only a few weeks ago the *pas de quatre*, erstwhile so popular at the Gaiety Theatre, was repeated (I suppose with certain modifications) at a London ball. One hears, too, rumors of various dames of high degree employing their spare moments in mastering the intricacies of what is known as "skirt dancing," from the various *coryphées* who are worshipped by the Gaiety "mashers" for their proficiency in the art in question. Without doubt this is a step in the right direction; and if it will only teach the average Englishwoman the plastic uses of her hands and feet, it will remove a well-deserved reproach.

THE VIOLIN FOR WOMEN.....J. V. TAYLOR.....LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

It is a remarkable circumstance that for more than two centuries, or ever since the instrument assumed its present form, the violin has been by custom, until recently, practically interdicted to one of the sexes. And equally remark-

able is it, in view of the former state of affairs, that even so lately as during the last decade the discovery has been made that it is pre-eminently "a lady's instrument." There were ancient viols with rude bows, which may have been used by both sexes for aught we know, but these were not violins. The writer has seen one of them dated in the fourteenth century, and evidently intended to be played with a bow; but it bore no resemblance to a violin, except that it had four strings. The violin took its permanent shape and dimensions in the hands of Gasparo di Salo, of Brescia, before the middle of the sixteenth century. From that time it has not been improved. We may safely say now that it never will be and cannot be changed for the better. It stands nearer to perfection than any other musical instrument. While many have been modified or modernized, and many disused and forgotten, the violin alone has held its own from generation to generation, supreme, unaltered, and unalterable; and why for such a length of time it was regarded as only fit for men, passes comprehension. Even when the little Camilla Urso begged to be allowed to have a violin, it was thought to be extremely absurd that a girl should want to "play the fiddle," and the youthful prodigy was denied an examination for admission into the Conservatory at Paris, simply on account of her sex, until at last she conquered the musical jury by force of persistence and genius, being the first female to enter that exclusive institution, and over many male competitors. No one who has heard Camilla Urso's rendering, as an adult artiste, of such classical works as those of Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Paganini, and Vieuxtemps will deny that the violin is her appropriate instrument. It has been said that women can never play on the violin gracefully, for the same reason that they cannot throw a ball effectively—the greater proportionate length of the clavicle in the female; but this assertion falls to the ground refuted when we see a lady with her violin and bow both properly held according to rule, playing with the delicious facility gained by faithful practice. There is nothing ungraceful about it; quite the contrary. It is pleasant to be able to state that such sights are not uncommon in these days, for since the discovery aforesaid a great many ladies have become enthusiastic and successful students of this wonderfully fascinating instrument, and some have already earned positions of eminence. It has come

about that the young lady soloist is looked for in all prominent musical events. For such as have had thrown over them the spell of the sweet enchanter, there is no fear. They will go on the delightfully laborious journey upward toward the invisible and unattainable summit. Others are coming who have not yet entered upon the road; for there is evidence at present, more than ever before in this country, of a growing demand for violins and good teachers for young ladies and girls. A patient and conscientious teacher is a pearl beyond price, in truth, a *sine qua non*, and the first thing to be thought of by the neophyte, before a bow shall have been drawn; for bad habits contracted with this instrument will adhere to the pupil more persistently than the most vicious burrs. The violin is not to be conquered with a book "without a teacher," and very much depends upon a proper start, so that there shall be nothing to unlearn. Twice or thrice each week, in all weathers, I see passing my window an earnest-faced young lady with her violin-case under her arm. She is on the way to her teacher, and her expression indicates clearly that it is no unwilling journey. I am sure she is doing well, although at this stage of her progress probably undergoing all the necessary drudgery of scales and exercises. She is a type of hundreds of others in many parts of the land. I can understand the instinctive affection which prompts this girl to carry her precious charge clasped closely to her side, rather than by the handle, *à la* grip-sack, for there is in the world no inanimate object that clings to the human heart like a fiddle.

THE SUMMER GIRL.....THE NEW YORK SUN

The summer girl promises to be gayer, smarter, and more independent than ever this year. There are more pockets in her jaunty blazer, more ruffles on her bright little shirt, less cloth in her neat little dress, and, best of all, suspenders that give her a sense of security, a placidity of soul, and a sublime self-confidence and self-sufficiency that will be trying to the nerves of the summer young man. Of what use is a man to a girl with pockets, short skirts, and suspenders? Hasn't she two free hands and strong, lithe legs, a place for all her things, nothing to worry over, and the world before her? The summer young man will have plenty of time to spend arranging his sash and keeping his delicate costumes clean this year. He can reflect on the good old times, when

girls used to want to be helped up steps and into carriages, when they gracefully fainted in his arms and he thought it was all a bore. He can go off fishing with his kind if he chooses; no one will miss him or sympathize when he comes back with the skin all sunburned off his nasal appendage. One girl who is preparing for her summer outing across the sea is going to wear one combination garment clothing her from neck to ankles; one silk petticoat fitted out with no end of pockets to stow away her valuables in; a serge skirt, the lightest she can buy, trimmed about the bottom to protect the edge, fastened over the shoulders with suspenders of the braid with silver buckles; a blue dotted silk shirt, and a blazer with five pockets. Do you suppose she'll want to bother herself to wait for any man to look after her baggage when she is gotten up in such light marching order? The beauty of the summer girl's costume is that she can make it herself, all but the coat. It takes an artist for that, and you are sure to have a home-made-looking garment if you attempt it. But you can make one white and one dark blazer do duty for half a dozen gowns of serge, cheviot, and cloth, and twice that number of pretty waists in dotted silk, striped wash silk, changeable taffeta or soft India fabrics, lawn, and cambrics. The most picturesque of summer toilets will be those of dark blue or brown, with a bodice of Russian embroidery under the blazer. This embroidery is a primitive kind of cross-stitch, done with old-fashioned wire threads, and has a rich Eastern brilliancy of color, both striking and becoming to the sunbrowned skin. The summer girl's costume is cosmopolitan and democratic; it levels all rank and does away with social distinctions. The man that falls in love with a goddess done up in white yachting flannel with silver anchors may find his divinity bending over a typewriter or writing fashions for the newspaper, and the man that scorns the girl with sunburned face and plain dark blazer may be asking that girl's rich father for a job when the summer is over.

## THE SKETCH BOOK: EVERYDAY LIFE

HOW TIME WILL FLY.....THE DETROIT TRIBUNE

The hand of fate, operating through the head-waiter, seated them at the most conspicuous place in the dining-room.

"Don't stare at me so lovingly," he fiercely hissed, "or you'll give it all away."

The young girl blushed and looked very much confused.

"Hum," coughed he, ostentatiously eyeing the menu.

"Bring us some mock-turtle," he commanded, attempting a growl, but realizing only a tremolo gasp. "Don't call me any pet names here," he whispered from the side of his mouth.

She tried to look unconcerned, but became redder in the face every moment. He essayed to look savage, but made a distinct failure of it.

"Er—lovely morning," he suddenly observed aloud, with a sickly attempt at nonchalance.

"Ye—yes, my l——"

"Sh! Don't call me any pet names. Why, you'd give us away in a minute."

He assumed a feeble imitation of lofty indifference. She seemed about ready to sink through the floor.

"George," very softly.

He tried to scowl prodigiously, with only indifferent success.

"I think," extremely pianissimo, "everybody is looking at us."

He was uneasy and his hands were much in his way. But inspiration came at last.

"It doesn't seem," he suddenly exclaimed, very audibly (the look of incredulity on his face a fair simulation of the real thing), "as if we had been married four years, does it?"

"N—no, George."

The bald-headed individual near the door got choked with his soup, but, with that exception, there was not a soul in the room that did not smile.

Presently the bridal couple retired. Their appetites appeared to be not of the most robust.

EMPEROR OF THE UNITED STATES

A reminiscence of one of the curious characters of early California is told by Francis E. Sheldon, in the *Overland*, in an article upon the Street Characters of San Francisco. The

individual was known as "Emperor Norton." Ill luck in speculation had driven him mildly insane, and in his delusion his peculiar ways made him known far and wide.

His delusion was that he was "Emperor of the United States" and invested with full monarchical powers. Later he added to this title the further claim of being "Protector of Mexico."

The way in which his mania came to take this particular form seems to have been as follows: He was an Englishman by birth, and had lived to manhood under English rule. So strong was he in his faith in royalty that he never had any patience with republican principles, and always advocated the overthrow of them here, and the establishment of a limited monarchy in their stead. A suggestion of opposition on this point would always bring him to his feet; and for some time before the matter became a mania with him, he was jocularly known as "the Emperor."

Gradually, however, he assumed the title in all earnestness, and to the amazement of his friends set about exacting the fealty commensurate with his assumed station. Still more to their surprise the imposture was successful. The Emperor never pushed his claims with undue warmth; but there was always such a quiet dignity and impressive air of certainty that it seemed impossible to doubt his sincerity of belief in himself or the dignity of his reign. To be successful for twenty-three years, and finally die in the odor of his pseudo-sanctity, argues more than a passing public interest in his career.

It is probable that he was humored because of the audacity of his success. Measured by what he tried to attain, he came as near perfection as is commonly accorded to the ordinary man. He was the apostle of meat without work. Most men strive to get the most for the least labor. But Emperor Norton assumed in himself the divine right to eat without work at all. He was firmly convinced of his claim to support from the community, and, once on the road to success in a commercial community like San Francisco, the fact that he was successful was sufficient to continue it.

One of his first official acts was a letter to the firm which had caused his downfall, offering to marry the daughter of the senior member, and raise her to the position of Empress, if the firm's suits against him were abandoned.

His sovereignty was not by any means a visionary one. He

issued bonds of the empire for amounts varying from fifty cents to sums less nominal, and, as his needs required, imposed them on his friends. His method of procedure was to consider them as given in payment of taxes which by proclamation he had previously declared. These taxes were not in proportion to property, but levied on such subjects as would submit, at the rate of fifty cents a month. He had stated days for calling on each one, and was punctual in the extreme in his collections. The bonds read as follows:

No. ———. United States, ———

The Imperial Government of Norton I. promises to pay to the holder hereof the sum of Fifty Cents in the year 189—, with interest at four per cent per annum from date, the principal and interest to be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity into 20-year 4 per cent Bonds, or payable in Gold Coin.

Given under our Royal Hand and Seal this ——— day of ———, 187—.

NORTON I., EMPEROR.

They were filled in to mature ten years from the date of their issue; but although the Emperor's reign ran over a period of twenty-six years, none of them ever reached practically maturity. Absence from home worked no release for a subject from his obligations. Immediately on his return he would be waited on by the Emperor with as many bonds as there had been months in his term of absence. But there was an unwritten law that the number represented should never exceed eighteen.

His street dress was uniformly the same. He wore a navy blue coat of military cut, profusely ornamented with brass buttons, a general's epaulettes, a sabre, and silk sash, and a tall hat ornamented with a pompon or a bunch of feathers. There was always a flower in his buttonhole, and he carried a large cane ornamented with a snake, which wound its carved length half-way from ferrule to handle. In the tail of this snake was a rattle, which the Emperor enjoyed setting off at unexpected times and places. In warm weather he carried a large Chinese paper umbrella.

He lived at the Eureka Lodging-House, on Sacramento Street. Here he kept a small room for over seventeen years, punctually paying his room rent every night—about the only thing, by the way, that he ever did pay for. His meals he got at free lunch counters or cheap restaurants. He had free

entry into all the theatres and other places of amusement, and visited daily the libraries to read the papers and reviews. He kept posted on general affairs, and was well read in literature. On all subjects except that of his royalty he was keen-witted and intelligent.

It was his custom to issue proclamations on subjects that interested him. He wrote quickly and correctly, and some of these state documents would have done credit to any potentate. They were posted in public places, or sent to the papers to be circulated. He was a genial companion and good story-teller. With a select coterie he would lay aside the imperial dignity, and mingle with his subjects on terms of absolute equality. He was specially in his element at military reviews, going often to the State University at Berkeley to inspect the drill of the cadets. His temper was of the best, almost the only thing that could ruffle it being a denial of his royalty. He would allow a taxpaying subject to call him "Mr." Norton, appearing grieved rather than angry. But when the small boys so addressed him on the street he would stand and shake his stick, and threaten them with the direst and most condign punishment.

*AN ANARCHIST FUNERAL.....J. L.....THE PALL MALL BUDGET*

"So you are short of cash?"

"Yes; and the undertaker says he won't take the coffin further than this club if he doesn't get the money; he says he'll just take it back again. We've been running about all morning, getting all we can, but we are short, and we expect Mowbray and the policemen every minute."

This conversation took place in the anarchist club in Berners Street a recent Saturday afternoon.

"Well, I guessed how it would be," I said; "it's a brutal thing for the undertaker to say, considering the dead woman's husband is in prison. But we must have the money."

The Funeral Committee sat in a room upstairs. It was composed of very young men, and they were very much in earnest. They explained to me how Mowbray had been arrested four hours after his wife's death, while surrounded by his weeping children. "Mrs. Besant and another lady have come forward to help with the children," they said; "Mowbray will tell you all about it himself. We expect him every minute." But just then a man in his shirt-sleeves rushed up-

stairs with a telegram that said five hundred pounds bail was wanted before Mowbray would be allowed to leave Holloway. "We must wire to Morris, Mrs. Besant, Countess Schack, and Hunter Watts," they said. These four people are evidently the rich friends of the anarchists.

A crowd had gathered outside the club, and in the distance many policemen moved up and down. The club began to fill rapidly with young men who had come to attend the funeral. They talked many languages, and it was difficult to understand what they were saying, but they all seemed to agree that it was a shame to seize Mowbray, who was only the publisher of the offensive article in the *Commonweal*, more especially while his wife lay dead. "It was done because he is such a good speaker," a young man told me. "You see, all over Europe they are arresting our best speakers before the 1st of May. But when one man is arrested, two men spring up to take his place." "Yes," I replied, "anarchism is the next thing to come up—a new sort of anarchism, one without bombs or violence, the sort of thing Edward Carpenter advocates." "Bombs are the only weapon the workers can use against governments," said the young man. "They are clumsy weapons, I admit; but one weak man can throw a bomb, and what if he dies for it?" Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Louise Michel, who was dressed in deep mourning. Her grisly hair and strong features gave her a masculine appearance; but her face softened when she spoke of Mowbray's children.

"Mowbray is out! Mowbray is out!" shouted a dozen voices down-stairs. "Morris has gone bail for him. Grand old Morris! He will go home, and come here in the carriage, with the coffin."

We sat down to wait.

"This reminds me of the flowery days of the S. D. F.," said my friend. "See, some one is going to address the people from the window, under the red flag; and there is Hunter Watts. Can you hear what the fellow is saying?"

It was impossible to distinguish the words, for the rooms were closely packed. Men smoked and drank lager beer while waiting for Mowbray. Louise Michel stood in the midst, talking now fluent French, now broken English. "Come downstairs and have some tea," said my friend the anarchist.

So we went to a committee-room on the ground floor,

where cups of tea were being sold at a penny each. "No Monopoly," "Not Mine or Theirs, but Ours," "No Masters, no Slaves," "No Law or Force," "No War": these were the precepts on the walls of the anarchist club. "We do not seek your votes; we would rather have your help than your money," was written up in large letters.

"What sort of help do you want?" I asked.

"Well, sympathy and propaganda," was the reply. "We have no faith in parliaments. The parliamentary programme killed the S. D. F. We are the Phoenix that has arisen from its ashes. What will the labor leaders do if they get seats in Parliament? They will tear one another's eyes out. You know what Burns has just done with regard to Tom Mann."

"Hush!" "Well," he began again—but there was a shout: "Mowbray is here! Gangway for Mowbray!"

The carefully barred door was opened, and a tall man stepped in, followed by a girl in black. Mowbray was very pale. His thin hair was brushed back, and his high white forehead showed the muscles working painfully upon it.

"Let the comrades have him," the men said. "Come up the back way, Mowbray." So they hurried him upstairs.

"Gangway!" was shouted again.

This time it was for the undertaker's men. They came in, and the pounds, shillings, and pence were carefully counted in their presence. Meanwhile Mowbray addressed the comrades upstairs in a few broken words of thanks. The anarchists pressed round him in silence, for they knew how he had loved his wife, and how he had nursed her during her illness. The whole scene took less than five minutes, but it was so quiet, so solemn, that when Mowbray begged the comrades to preserve law and order his voice seemed to come from a long way off.

"Be plucky, old chap," a man said as he stepped into the carriage. "Yes, I'll be plucky," he answered in a dead sort of voice, with his eyes fixed all the time on his wife's coffin.

"Fall in!" was the order.

A band went first, playing the Marseillaise. Then came the hearse, followed by the carriage that held Mowbray and his children. The procession closed in three abreast, with Louise Michel and Hunter Watts behind the carriage.

"It's just like old days," said a flag-bearer; "just like the S. D. F." So history repeats itself!

## SOCIETY VERSE

*BEHIND HER FAN.....A RONDEAU..... LIFE*

Behind her fan all painted o'er  
With shepherds' maids and Loves galore,  
Her chin was lost her laces 'mid,  
While I, scarce knowing what I did,  
Glanced, now at her, then at the floor.

I felt that I could kneel before  
Even the very flowers she wore,  
Or but the glove of softest kid  
Behind her fan.

I longed, at once, to seek the door,  
And to remain and venture more  
I wondered if she'd tell, if bid—  
Whether a smile or yawn she hid,  
Behind her fan!

*THREE WOOLERS.....ROBERT M. BEACH.....NEW YORK TRUTH*

High up against the western sky  
There looms a castle proud and vast;  
Unto its portal iron-ribbed,  
A gay fantastic youth once passed.

Touching his lute with skilful hand,  
He sang of spring-time and of love;  
And standing 'neath the postern gate,  
He hailed the warder grim above.

"What, warder, ho! the bridge let fall,  
Let the portcullis straightway rise!  
A wandering minstrel fain would pay  
His homage to thy mistress' eyes."

In vain his call. The iron door  
Groans hollow to the eager blow;  
And backward from that fortress cold,  
With drooping head, the youth must go.

Before that door, a haughty knight  
His war-steed curbs with mighty hand;  
The ventail raised reveals a face  
Browned by the sun in Judah's land.

"Now, warder, ope thy gate to me!  
No trifling love of youth I bring.  
My constant faith to thy fair dame,  
Throughout all lands shall minstrels sing."

In vain! The warder openeth not.  
The cry is lost in empty air.  
With reddened cheek and eyes aflame,  
In wrath the warrior forth must fare.

And now, a long and pompous train  
Winds slowly toward the castle's walls.  
A graybeard at the iron door  
Knocks with his palsied hand, and calls;

"Let all thy doors fly back for me!  
See, in my hand is shining gold!  
Gold that can pass all locks and bars,  
And warm the heart that erst was cold."

Wide swing the doors. With lowly bend  
The warder welcomes in the train.  
What youth and love can never win,  
The power of gold can surely gain.

## EPILOGUE

The castle is a maiden's heart;  
The warder is her prudence cold.  
And now, as formerly, we ween  
That love for glittering coin is sold.

## ADVICE.....HARRY DODGE TICHENOR.....BROOKLYN LIFE

When you find you're with a maiden  
In some quiet place alone,  
After you have finished dancing  
And failed to find her chaperone;  
You should whisper to this maiden  
Words you think will most elate her,  
While your arm you slip quite gently  
Round about her small equator.

Then if she grows not angry  
At proceedings such as this,  
You should put upon the right place  
What you think is your best kiss.

When at last you reach your dwelling—  
 After you have had to leave her—  
 To yourself you will be telling  
 That "you're such a gay deceiver."  
 But, old fellow, let me tell you,  
 As she hath her stays ungirt  
 She is thinking—*dear, shy maiden (?)*—  
 That "*she's such an awful flirt.*"

FOR A BIRTHDAY.....JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.....THE COSMOPOLITAN

How many years have subtly wrought,  
 With patient art and loving care,  
 To rear this pleasure-house of thought,  
 This fabric of a woman fair?  
 'Twere vain to guess: years leave no trace  
 On that soft cheek's translucent swell;  
 Time, lingering to behold that face,  
 Is cheated of his purpose fell.  
 Why ask how many, when I find  
 Her charm with every morrow new?  
 How be so stupid? Was I blind?  
 Next birthday I shall ask how few.

THE SPINET.....CHARLES KIELY SHETTERLY.....PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

In gown of white, at sunset light,  
 She sits and plays upon her spinet;  
 And, falling clear upon his ear,  
 Come forth the dainty airs within it.  
 Unconsciously her fingers stray  
 His heart-strings o'er, as on the spinet.  
 Love makes him weak; he dares not speak;  
 His coward tongue cannot begin it.  
 The twilight falls adown the walls,  
 Yet softly on her fair form lingers  
 A last red glow, as, loath to go,  
 The sun leaves kisses on her fingers.  
 The moments fly, her faint hopes die  
 And vanish with the fading day;  
 The airs grow sad that once were glad,  
 And Love, discouraged, creeps away.

They both are gone; now quite forlorn,  
 In dusty attic stands the spinet;  
 And naught remains to mark Love's pains  
 Except the airs she found within it.

THREE MAIDENS.....THE NEW YORK HERALD

Three maidens went shopping out in the West—  
 West Twenty-third—when the sun went down.  
 Each thought of the color that suited her best  
 For a new spring hat or a dancing-gown,  
 And had it sent home on the morrow;  
 And each for the man she loved did buy  
 A wild and terrible-patterned tie,  
 That each man wore in sorrow.  
 For women must buy and men must wear,  
 Though the style is enough to curl one's hair  
 Or trouble dire to borrow!

LOVE'S TEST.....HENRY COYLE.....DETROIT FREE PRESS

You tell me that you truly love.  
 Would life without love empty seem;  
 And would no whim nor fancy move  
 The rapture of your transient dream?

Tell me, when absent, do you think  
 O'er every look, o'er every sigh?  
 Do you in melancholy sink,  
 And doubt and fear, you know not why?

Do you, when near her, die to say  
 How much you love, yet cannot tell?  
 Do her eyes melt your soul away?  
 Her touch your heart with rapture swell?

Could you, for her, fame, wealth despise?  
 In poverty and toil feel blest?  
 Drink sweet delusion from her eye  
 Or smile at ruin on her breast?

And tell me, at her loss or hate,  
 Would death your only refuge prove?  
 Ah! if in aught you hesitate,  
 Coward, you dare not say you love!

## GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND BOOKS

---

This age is literally termed the "woman's age," which fact cannot be more clearly proved than by looking over essays, novels, and papers with names of women attached to them. A great many have excited comment, a great many have not. Foremost in the ranks of literary women stands the name of Amelia B. Edwards, universally acknowledged the greatest scholar in the feminine world. She has left to the world a wonderful record—achievements and successes sure and lasting, and a memory of all that was sweet and lovely in woman-kind. This remarkable woman died in London a few weeks ago at the age of fifty-nine—at a time when the zenith of fortune, fame, and good-fellowship had been attained. Born in London, Miss Edwards breathed the same air as Tom Hood, Thackeray, and Wordsworth. Her father was an officer in the British Army, her mother a descendant of the Walpole family. From early childhood Miss Edwards displayed a taste for literature, at seven years publishing a poem, *The Knights of Old*. At twelve she had before the public a short historical novel of Edward III. Evincing soon afterward a remarkable tendency for art, she was advised by friends to lay aside her pen, and substitute the pencil. Still, her career was not yet chosen, for at the age of fourteen she devoted herself to music, studying faithfully for seven years. But a story written for *Chambers' Journal*, and liberally paid for, determined her course. In 1885, her first novel, *My Brother's Wife*, appeared. Then came at regular intervals the *Ladder of Life*, *Hand and Glove*, *Barbara's History*, *Half a Million of Money*, *Diana Carew*, and other novels, not counting numberless poems and ballads that insured her popularity. An extensive course of travel shortly after awoke enthusiasm for Egyptian lore. Becoming secretary for the Egyptian Exploration Fund, she labored steadily for the cause, stirring up many to the fascinating study of the past. Her book *A Thousand Miles up the Nile* is regarded one of the most charming and original of books, and in many respects a remarkable production. For three years she lectured successfully throughout America, there taxing her strength seriously. A fall during one of these journeys, resulting in a broken arm, caused a shock from which she never recovered.

A trip to Italy was beneficent for a while, but not lasting. On Good Friday, at Weston-super-Mare, she died of bronchitis. Thus passed away a brilliant writer, critic, and scholar, a woman staunch and generous, surrounded by friends, admirers, relatives. She was known in America both socially and publicly, having lectured on many platforms and having been widely entertained by literary people.

What the Romance of the Future will be, is to be foreshadowed in George Parsons Lathrop's novel by that name. It was begun on the basis of Thomas A. Edison's notes and conversations about possible new inventions and changes in manufacture. It is now about half worked out, but is awaiting new material. Meanwhile Mr. Lathrop has collected his poems, which are just published by the Scribners under the title of *Dreams and Days*. Mr. Lathrop lives in Federal Street, in New London, whither he moved a few years ago from the old Hawthorne home, his wife being the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a well-known writer of romance. Mr. Lathrop has now in preparation an article upon Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, the New England Catholic philosopher, which will appear in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Lathrop's conversion to Catholicism is recent enough to be in every one's mind. He writes of it thus entertainingly to *Current Literature*: "Humanly speaking, I entered into Catholicity as a result of long thought and meditation upon religion, continuing through a number of years. But there must have been a deeper force at work, that of the Holy Spirit, by means of what we call grace, for a longer time than I suspected. Certainly I was not attracted by 'the fascinations of Rome,' that are so glibly talked about, but which no one has ever been able to define to me. Perhaps those that use the phrase refer to the outward symbols of ritual, that are simply the expressive adornment of the inner meaning—the flower of it. I, at any rate, never went to mass but once with any comprehension of it, before my conversion, and had seldom even witnessed Catholic services anywhere; although now, with knowledge and experience, I recognize the mass—which even that arch, unorthodox author, Thomas Carlyle, called 'the only genuine thing of our times'—as the greatest action in the world. Many Catholics had been known to me, of varying merit; and some of them were valued friends.

But none of these ever urged or advised or even hinted that I should come into the Church. The best of them had (as large numbers of my fellow-Catholics have to-day) that same modesty and reverence toward the sacred mysteries that caused the early Christians also to be slow in leading catechumens—or those not yet fully prepared for belief—into the great truths of faith. My observations of life, however, increasingly convinced me that a vital, central, unchanging principle in religion was necessary, together with one great association of Christians in place of endless divisions—if the promise made to men was to be fulfilled, or really had been fulfilled. When I began to ask questions, I found Catholics quite ready to answer everything with entire straightforwardness, gentle good-will, yet firmness. Neither they nor the Church evaded anything. They presented and defended the teaching of Christ in its entirety, unexaggerated and undiminished; the complete faith, without haggling or qualification or that queer, loose assent to every sort of individual exception and denial that is allowed in other organizations. I may say here, too, that the Church, instead of being narrow or pitiless toward those not of her communion, as she is often mistakenly said to be, is the most comprehensive of all in her interpretation of God's mercy as well as of his justice. And, instead of slighting the Bible, she uses it more incessantly than any of the Protestant bodies; at the same time shedding upon it a clear, deep light that is the only one that ever enabled me to see its full meaning and coherence. The fact is, those outside of the Church nowadays are engaged in talking so noisily and at such a rate, on their own hook, that they seldom pause to hear what the Church really says, or to understand what she is. Once convinced of the true faith, intellectually and spiritually, I could not let anything stand in the way of affirming my loyalty to it."

The Knight Errant, a new quarterly magazine, has for some time been heralded, and has at length appeared. It is devoted to art in its many phases, dealing in its first number not alone with its own peculiar aims—which are to make war against naturalism wherever it shows its head—but devoting much of its space to books, bookmaking, poetry, morals, and modern journalism. The men at the head are all young and enthusiastic. They call themselves the Lunch Club,

and gather together daily in Boston and talk over art, literature, and like matters relative to their venture. The good old Boston Tavern was their daily rendezvous—before and since their combined ideas crystallized; but recently they have lunch elsewhere, or, rather, meet at no regular place. Ralph Adams Cram is the editor-in-chief. Associated with him as editors and contributors are Atherton Brownell, editor of the Boston Home Journal, Bliss Carman of the New York Independent, and Francis Watts Lee. Walter Blackburn Harte, the young literary critic and assistant editor of the New England Magazine, is *ex-officio* member. In form, the Knight Errant is a large quarto, printed on hand-made paper. The cover, in black and white, with its turreted castle, mounted knight errant, and slimy sedge-grown pool, was designed by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, one of the editors, who is also a successful architect. The text is heightened by original initial letters and tailpieces and by the insertion of a photographure of Bernardino Luini's Columbine. It is, as a whole, an effective publication in thorough sympathy with the revival of classical knowledge and taste. It will strive to re-establish semi-dethroned idealism, and for this purpose the Knight Errant will wander about inviting to mortal combat the strange monsters and reptiles which cumber the earth. Materialism, mammonism, realism in art, and all kindred deformities are to be done away with, though the publication of the magazine is for the present limited to five hundred copies. The fight that the Knight Errant is to undertake is against "no human opponents," for "etiquette forbids," but against the epoch itself. This appears from a sort of lamentation that prefaces the first number. "One by one," says the editor, "in this last night (the present time) the beautiful things have disappeared, until at last, in a world grown old and ugly, men, forced to find some excuse for the peculiarity of their environment, have discredited even beauty itself, finding it childish, unworthy, and unscientific; not only beauty in art, but beauty in thought and motive, beauty in life and death, until the earth has become a memory and a reproach." Such is the condition of the world to-day. The discovery has been made before, especially in the world of art and literature, by the Pre-Raphaelites, whom the Knight Errant will follow. It resorts to the spirit of the fifteenth century, and will aspire to impress its beauty of thought upon the world. Hereto-

fore we have simply reflected what the English reactionists have done. Presumably the establishment of a literary organ in Boston means that there is in existence the nucleus of a new and hitherto unknown body of Pre-Raphaelites in this country. The cult has lately spread to France, where it has affected the drama and painting. In England it is apparently on the wane, its object having been accomplished in the impress the movement has had upon contemporary life. With America the problem is a very different one. We are in the formative period of our existence. We have fads, but very few thoroughly formed tendencies. American art and letters are both strongly affected by foreign influences. They are tentative, rather than thoroughly formed, so that the charge of corruption and degradation that might apply to older established countries is misdirected in a country whose art and whose literary achievements are not yet a century old. So far, therefore, as this movement can help to form the future, it can be made of value; so far as it aims to fight the past, its lance must pierce a soap-bubble. The dragons that the Knight Errant sets out to slay are stage dragons only, and it seems a pity to take them so seriously as the poet of the occasion, Louise Imogen Guiney, does, who sings:

“Forethought and Recollection  
Rivet mine armor gay !  
The passion of perfection  
Redeem my faulty way !  
The outer fray in the sun shall be  
The inner beneath the moon,  
And may Our Lady lend to me  
Sight of the Dragon soon ! ”

In the French capital, scintillating with literary lights, flashes the wit and cleverness, bravery and endurance, of one woman about whom Parisian minds congregate, and to whom mental faculties give homage. It is none other than the editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, Mme. Adam, a famous political and socialistic writer—a writer who has done more good for France and for the cause of humanity than many of her sex. With the nation she is a power; with humanity she is a sympathizer, an adviser, a helpmeet. The *Nouvelle Revue* is an elevated and excellent periodical, having for its contributors some of the brightest lights in literature. Among

them is Pierre Loti, now a member of the French Academy, whose genius was discovered by Mme. Adam, and whom she fostered and encouraged. The famous *Mariage de Loti* was found by her after it had grown yellow with age, in the drawer of an editor. Recognizing its merits, she gave it to the world, thus making a name for the young author and obtaining the gratitude of the world for a gem discovered. Mme. Adam is now a woman about forty, plump and well formed, with a manner fascinating and vivacious. About her cluster the brightest lights of the capital—sculptors, artists, authors, and statesmen. Her salons have always been and are still the rendezvous for people of note; and if one could step in, one could hear questions of philosophy, humanity, and art discussed that would prove an enrichment to learning. Mme. Adam has just completed an article in the *Nouvelle Revue* on the position of the French girl in the home and society. She strongly discountenances the ignorance linked to innocence that forms or has formed the education of the French girl, and causes a reaction after marriage, which is a fitting rebound of human nature; a rebound that is taken up by French novelists and made food for their pages. Mme. Adam advises more liberty for the young girl, more cognizance of life and its allurements, more initiation into mysteries. She is a student of human nature, a pleader for self-progress and improvement.

The glory of authorship is not always what the imagination of the aspirant to honors paints it. Some men whose names are of world-wide celebrity meet with annoyances that are wounding to their vanity. Such was the case recently when Sardou, Claretie, and Halévy presented themselves at one of the French theatres, where dramatic authors are always allowed free entry, and were looked upon as impostors. On the other hand, while such a thing is apt to occur to men of real distinction, the fact that free admission is given at the French theatres makes it possible for impostors often to play the most amusing of tricks upon the gatemmen. Ten years after the death of a playwright named Wafard, who wrote the *Voyage à Dieppe*, an individual calling himself "the late Mr. Wafard" was enabled to pass into most of the Paris theatres. "But Wafard is dead!" exclaimed one gateman. "Precisely," said the impostor, "did I not say 'the late Mr.

Wafard ' ? ' whereupon he was hindered no more. On a recent occasion when two men had bet they could enter the Porte Saint-Martin, a French journal tells of the ruse they played upon the gullible guardian. "Your name," asked the gate-keeper of the first. "Alexandre Dumas," was the reply. "And yours," addressing the second. "The same," was the answer, and in the two went without further opposition. A somewhat similar story is told of Victor Hugo, whose name at least may be supposed to have reached the uttermost ends of France. Having been asked to act as a witness for a poor baker who was in trouble, he and the baker appeared at the *mairie*. "Your name ?" asked the clerk. "Victor Hugo." "Spelt with a *t* ?" "No, without a *t*. "Profession ?" "Man of letters." "Thank you. And you?" he goes on addressing the baker. "I am Martin the baker." "Is it you, indeed, Mr. Martin? Pray, be seated. I am really delighted to see you." On the other hand, when Balzac was travelling in Russia once, his name had such an effect upon the landlady, who was carrying a tray of dishes, that she let them fall to the floor in her excitement. Balzac cherished the anecdote above many of his honors.

Frank D. Millet, whose first volume of stories has just been published, is by no means a new figure in the literary world, though he has not been a prolific writer. Like F. Hopkinson Smith, he is an artist, and turns from the brush to the pen with the readiness and love of a born writer. Millet began his career as a newspaper correspondent. A facile brush aided his pen, and when he was sent by the London News as correspondent to the Russo-Turkish war in 1877 he was able to carry away with him illustrations of the incidents with which readers have since become familiar. Since that time he has been an occasional writer only, for he fell enamoured of art, and has gradually developed a distinctive style as a painter. At the present time he spends his days between New York and a small and picturesque village in the south of England, known as Broadway. He has a low, rambling house there, and counts among his neighbors the illustrators Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons, whose work is so widely known. He is to be seen there during the summer and autumn months, sketching in the fields and gardens, or pushing over the smooth highways on a tricycle. Every

winter he returns to New York, and is invariably represented in the spring exhibitions of the Academy and Society of American Artists. Nevertheless, he is a popular painter in England, where he has found many patrons, his latest picture, *Between Two Fires*, having just been purchased for the London Royal Academy. In person he is an unmistakable American, somewhat short, with sharp sparkling eyes that denote a fund of humor and wit, quick, nervous, and peremptory in manner. He is a most popular and delightful companion. Some years ago his portrait was painted, by Maynard, in a great fur coat and Russian cap. At his breast hung certain decorations, medals that had been presented him, by both Russia and Roumania, for acts done during his duty as a war correspondent. Of these he is naturally proud. He has reason, however, to attach much also to his reputation as a good writer of short stories. His tales are original and at times full of a delightful and engaging pathos. The best known of them all, *Yatil*, was among the first, if it was not the first, of his ventures in the line of romance, and is one of the very best, though the peculiar vein of his *Capillary Crime* has attracted a great deal of notice.

On the topmost floor of the Judge Building, in New York City, lives an individual who has gathered about him all the paraphernalia of an artist. A profusion of colors, of draperies of exquisite hues, of curios, of weapons of every description, both mediæval and modern, are to be found in the studio of Dan Beard, artist and author; a man known as a successful man, yet one that has accomplished every inch of his success by dint of patience and perseverance. Dan Beard first saw the light in Cincinnati the 21st of June, 1850. A public school now stands upon the spot. His mother was the daughter of Colonel Carter, of the war of 1812 fame. They were of good old Quaker and Puritan stock. His father, J. H. Beard, N.A., the veteran animal painter, was the son of Captain Beard, who commanded the first schooner that sailed on Lake Erie. Captain Beard's wife was the first white woman who ever set foot on the spot where Chicago now stands. The Beard family are all bright and remarkable for versatility. J. Carter Beard, the animal illustrator; Capt. Harry Beard, the originator of some of the quaintest and prettiest of Prang's Easter cards; Capt. Frank Beard, D.D., the lec-

turer and author; W. H. Beard, N.A., who painted the Bulls and Bears in Wall Street, are all men of considerable distinction. Dan Beard's early life was passed in Cincinnati, until the war broke out, when he moved with his parents to the town of Covington, Ky., just across the Ohio River. His school life was passed in Cincinnati. When the Morgan raid occurred, and Covington was besieged by General Kirby Smith, J. H. Beard was serving on General Lew Wallace's staff, with Buchanan Reid the author; Harry Beard was in the 30th Missouri Regiment, at Vicksburg; Frank was special artist for Harpers' in West Virginia; J. Carter was with the 100-day men up the river; and Dan remained at home as the man of the house. After finishing a course of mathematics, Dan Beard entered the engineering office of Joseph Earnshaw. Later he was offered a chance to make insurance surveys all over the United States. An opportunity like that was enough for young Beard, and without hesitation he accepted. For five years he travelled throughout the country. In 1879, on a vacation, he met Mr. Drake, art manager of the Century. Having examined some sketches of Beard's studies of fish, Mr. Drake recognized their merit, and asked permission to use them, sending a check to the young artist. It was a surprise to Beard, yet proved a stimulus. Soon after, Charles Scribner published a book by Beard, the *American Boys' Handy Book*. It is still having a steady sale. Beard also wrote the Tom, Dick, and Harry stories for *St. Nicholas*, several articles for the *Scientific American* and the *Youths' Companion*. His drawings have appeared in many papers, both comic and serious. The magazines have also claimed many. *Six Feet of Romance*, a popular story, appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* three years ago. It encouraged him to try another in a humorous vein. The story did not proceed very well, and he threw it aside in disgust. Taking it up shortly afterward, he finished the idea—a radically opposite one—obtaining with him, and the story was immediately accepted and rushed through the press. This his latest literary work, *Moonblight*, profusely illustrated by him, was recently published by Charles L. Webster and Co.

In spite of the fact that Bret Harte's recently collected stories which are just from the press still reflect the memories of an early and crude California, he is not considered popular

in the progressive Pacific States. This is brought out in a reference to him made by a writer in the *Wasp*, who frankly acknowledges that Californians do not like him. What it is that is not liked it is somewhat difficult to understand. "They do not like," says this writer, "the wrong impressions that people abroad get from these queer, foreshortened, out-of-focus pictures of our land. Women, particularly, are not admirers of Bret Harte's books. They are rarely found upon the table or in the library, save of men who admire genius wherever found. They are rarely bought save in public libraries or else in the case of people who have outlived their prejudices, and then they are prized as works from a master-hand." The writer continues by finding fault with the plots of his stories. They are "all wrong," "absurd," "uncouth," and so on. It may reasonably be asked whether a quarrel with the plot of a story or with the characters in it should be sufficient to disturb the pride which a people ought to take in an exceptional outgrowth of their own soil. Americans in general make less of their great men than of a pistol-shooting crank, some brewer of disturbances, some pushing egoist and quack. It has too often been left to the East to applaud the West against its own wishes, and such is the case with Bret Harte. That he has deteriorated under stress of his art is a fault open to criticism, but should not affect our regard for him, and appreciation of his brilliant conquests, or our pride in him as an American through and through.

In the May number of this department attention was called to some of the omissions found in the American edition of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, by Thomas Hardy. The discovery that in England a totally different version of the story was circulating, led to the inference that the volume had been specially expurgated for the use of American readers. This appears not to have been the case. The story was originally written for serial publication, and the first American edition of it was a reprint of the story as it had appeared from week to week. The first English edition had had meanwhile the benefit of Mr. Hardy's revision. In this revision he changed the tale considerably. These changes and additions have now been incorporated in the new American edition of the story, which may be looked upon, therefore, as the complete romance as Mr. Hardy wishes to have it. The title, to which

exception has been widely taken, still describes Tess as "A pure woman, faithfully presented," which seems a sort of mockery at virtue and understanding.

## BRIEF COMMENT.

—Mrs. Florence Gray, an American, is to be the editor, in collaboration with Mme. Adam, of the new journal, *The Light of Paris*; the object of this journal, as formally stated, is to give Americans in Paris a correct idea of French life.

—"An interesting figure," says the *London Chronicle*, "has recently died at Scilly Isles, in the person of one Robert Maybe, at the age of eighty-two years; his accomplishments were in the line of Poet Close, and he has been termed The Poet Laureate of Scilly; he could neither read nor write, but he composed a good deal of poetry by dictating it; he had a memory which Macaulay might have envied; if a book were read to him twice or three times, he could repeat nearly the whole of it, without assistance; the merest outline of an incident would draw from him a set of verses, which he sold in broad sheet form at a penny each."

—David Gray, the Harvard Senior who wrote the *Hasty-Pudding Club* play this year, is a Buffalo man, and a son of the late poet-editor of that name.

—"Example is better than precept," writes G. W. Smalley, in his London letter to the *N. Y. Tribune*; "a page of Mr. Froude at his best will teach the student more than Mr. Froude can; let him read once again the account of the execution of Mary Stuart—to my mind the finest piece of descriptive prose in modern English—and the whole narrative of the trial may be taken to be part of it, the simplicity of it is admirable."

—Georges Ohnet works three hours a day regularly, during which time he writes four pages of small MS., amounting to about one thousand words; he then revises carefully, and, having finished his corrections, hands his MS. to his wife, who makes a beautifully neat, fair copy for the printer.

—A story called *The Fate of Fenella*, which Cassell has in press, is from the pens of no fewer than twenty-four authors.

—"It may not be generally known," announces the *Pall Mall Budget*, "that H. W. Pullen, author of that once famous brochure *Dame Europa's School*, is also a compiler of guide-books; he is responsible for the new editions of *North, Central, and South Italy* in Murray's *Handbooks Series*."

—"Among the younger men whose names are current in literary circles, there are few," says the *Chicago Evening Globe*, "about whom there is more curiosity than Walter Blackburn Harte, who within a year has become recognized as one of the wittiest and fairest critics in contemporary literature."

—It was in the library of the Abbé Bossuet, who recently

died in Paris at the age of ninety-two, that Victor Hugo is said to have collected the material for his *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

—"Miss Gertrude Smith, whose strong sketch, *An Only Son*, appeared in the May number of the *Cosmopolitan*, is," remarks the *Boston Transcript*, "a young writer of success as sudden as its promise; her first story appeared in print only last May; she has just returned to Boston, after a stay of seven months in Italy and France."

—A copy of Poe's *Tamerlane* was recently sold by auction in Boston, and brought \$1,850; the book was from the library of George B. Ives, of Salem; when it was held up, there was a hearty burst of applause, and the bidding started at \$200; it was finally knocked down to Dodd, Mead & Co.

—Speaking of Maurice Maeterlinck, who has been called the Belgian Shakespeare, *The Athenæum* says that his work is dramatic in form, but mystical in purport; that he has "but one note—that of fear; he has but one method—that of repetition."

—Referring to *Materials of a Story*, the *Boston Transcript* declares: "Few men could write such a poem as Mr. Howells' in the May *Harper's*; still fewer would."

—Walter Besant says that it seems to him almost safe to prophesy an outburst before long of genius in the United States such as England has not seen since the time of Elizabeth; he adds that all the conditions here are favorable—encouragement, honor, ambition, study, confidence, materials—everything is here waiting for natural aptitude or genius, and this will not be long, he thinks, before it shows itself in a full and flowing flood.

—"Very few people," says *The Journalist*, "know that Bret Harte has a son that is an active member of the newspaper fraternity in this city; many that know Griswold Harte personally do not associate him with his illustrious father, and the younger Harte never trades upon the elder's name; like his father, he is tall and angular; he wears his hair long, and he is rather indifferent as to his personal appearance."

—Swinburne's forthcoming play, *The Sisters*, is not, of course, to be put upon the stage; it is strictly a literary performance; the period in which the scene is set is just after Waterloo, and the place is a Northumberland country seat.

—In referring to Walt Whitman's death, an English reviewer says of him: "We must think of him with regret, as of a man who has told the world, in curiously rugged but often exceedingly beautiful language, that it does well to hope on, and that there is no such thing as lasting failure."

—Edna Dean Proctor, the Boston poetess, is a charming woman, just past middle life, with gray hair and a soft voice; she does but little literary work nowadays.

—Mr. Evelyn Abbot, the second volume of whose *History*

of Greece was recently published, is a Balliol don who in his youth was a great athlete, but whom an unhappy stroke of paralysis now obliges to go about to lecture in a carriage.

—Eli Shepard is the *nom-de-plume* of Miss Martha Young, of Greensboro, Ala., whose dialect verse and refined prose have been widely copied from the N. O. Times-Democrat.

—The London Literary World, reviewing Edgar Fawcett's latest volume of verse, says: "Some would say that in Songs of Doubt and Dream there is more 'dream' than 'doubt'; others—and perhaps the larger number—that there is a considerable quantity of both; the dream is not always particularly pleasant, indeed, one frets and protests a good deal at the sometimes vague and cheerless presentments of human ideals which come to view; it seems that Mr. Fawcett is more of a novelist and man of letters than poet."

—General Longstreet is writing a book of war-*tales* in which he himself prominently figures; it will be entitled *A Soldier under Two Flags*, and will undoubtedly command a large sale.

—Jules Verne writes his extraordinary stories in a little room crowded with charts, electrical apparatus, and scientific instruments; even in his most imaginative flights he keeps as close as he can to the line of scientific possibility.

—"The growth of the polyglot press in this country," declares Printer's Ink, "would make interesting study for some statistician; in Chicago, for example, over one-third of the daily papers are printed in some other language than English."

—"To the other tributes paid Mr. Hardy's powerful novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*," says the Pall Mall Budget, "there has now been added a ferocious onslaught, in the good old Keats-killing style, in the current number of the Quarterly; 'No clean-minded reader,' we are told, 'can get through the book without disgust;' as the book has been read, first in serial form and afterward in three volumes, by thousands of sympathetic readers, and as it has won the highest praise from most of the critics, there must be a sad number of 'dirty-minded readers' among us."

—The London Star, in the interesting column, *Mainly about People*, recently paid this tribute to Colonel Robert Ingersoll: "Wit, brilliant fancy, great power of condensed and epigrammatic statement, faultless elocution, and a peculiarly magnetic personality are the qualifications that have kept him for ten years without a rival on the hustings of the Republican party; he is also the favorite speaker of the Grand Army men of the North."

—Reviewing *Tales of a Time and Place*, the Times-Democrat, says of Grace King's recent volume of short stories: "Hers is not the method of the observant stranger who snatches up a handful of the picturesque aspects of a locality strange to him, in order that he may spangle his work with

them; she knows by heart, through years of unconscious absorption, all the peculiar features and customs of New Orleans, and so, when they appear in her fiction, they seem an inseparable part of it, and not merely inserted for the sake of local color."

—Mrs. Walford, the novelist, is described as a hospitable, shrewd, good-natured woman, an English wife of the olden type, in spite of the writing of books, "I am Mr. Walford's wife," she says; Mr. Walford has never been "Mrs. Walford's husband."

—Helen H. Gardener has been asked to permit the translation of her books into German for publication in Germany; her recent book of short stories, *Pushed by Unseen Hands*, will also be translated into German.

—"Alas for Germany!" writes the *New York Tribune*; "Dr. Sanders' mammoth lexicon of the German language—the work of thirty years—cannot find a publisher; no one has the courage to undertake the risk of publishing so expensive a work, and the German government is silent."

—Pierre Loti, the new French Academician, is a naval officer by profession, and, besides being a literary "Immortal," is reported to be a fine pianist, a melodious composer, and an admirable draughtsman.

—Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, wife of J. Foster Kirk, the historian, well known as the author of several of the cleverest of American society novels, is, according to the *Providence Journal*, of genuine Rhode Island descent, being of the seventh generation from Thomas Olney, who came to Providence in 1635, and was one of the original thirteen proprietors.

—Mr. Shepard, writing in *The Author*, quotes Renan as saying of Zola: "Zola! nay, monsieur, you must not ask me about him, for I have no opinion on him; it is low, far away, beneath; it is the mud, and a pity for French literature; I have a horror for what is coarse; at Pompeii all that was coarse was secreted and hidden away; it is a pity we do not do the same in these days."

—Mr. Baring Gould, the well-known novelist, is fifty-nine years of age; he belongs to an old Devonshire family, and is rector of New-Trenchard; strangely enough, he wrote something like thirty or forty books on religious subjects and folk-lore before he won celebrity as a novelist.

—"The popularity of Sir Edwin Arnold's poetry is," according to a book reviewer in the *London Athenæum*, "curiously characteristic of the British temper; his two pseudo-epic productions, *The Light of Asia* and *The Light of the World*, have found a joyous acceptance in every middle-class household; there is sufficient reason for this: the literary sensibilities of the great middle-class are but coarse; monotonous rhythm and poverty of imagination jar not upon them at all; the exaggeration of ineffective epithet and the con-

stant strain after cheap sensuousness give them mild but unfeigned pleasure."

—Richard Henry Stoddard, writing in the *Mail and Express*, declares that "we have in *A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days*, by F. Hopkinson Smith, a collection of sketches that would have made an immediate reputation for any American writer half a century ago, and that ought to make a good reputation for Mr. Smith to-day."

—Barry Pain, the latest lion in the literary circles of London, is a native of Cambridge, England, and is now twenty-eight years old; he won his reputation as a humorist of a high order by his contributions to *Punch*.

—Kate Field describes Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler as "a Psyche in appearance, and as charming in manner as in face; the modern woman writer," continues Miss Field, "quite upsets the old picture of fright and slatternly dressing which a past generation religiously believed went hand in hand with alleged female intellect."

—"Few books of the year," says the *London Star*, "will be discussed more eagerly than W. E. Henley's new volume of poetry, *The Song of the Sword*; his previous *Book of Verses*, which the *Pall Mall Gazette* declared to be 'very clever, but very wrong,' is now in its third edition: it is still a question whether he shows to most advantage as a poet or as a critic."

—Geo. W. Smalley, writing to the *N. Y. Tribune*, claims that "Mr. Andrew Lang can be entertaining when he writes about books, but not accurate; the English catalogue is neither accurate nor amusing; the occasional treatises that appear in this country on this delicate subject are superficial or unreadable, or both at once, and now as ever it is to France that the American students of bibliography must turn for enlightenment or for inspiration."

—Tasma, the author of several Australian novels, is a Mme. Comreux; her husband is president of the royal Belgian Geographical Society, and they are now living in Brussels; Mme. Comreux took her *nom de guerre* from the Island of Tasma, where her childhood was spent.

—An exasperated book reviewer on the *London Speaker* thus proceeds to demolish a recent American book and its author: "An advertisement tells us that Mr. Walter Hubbell's *Midnight Madness* is 'a new book by a great author,' and 'a sure seller'; understanding 'seller' in the sense of one who sells, we advise the reader to have nothing to do with Mr. Walter Hubbell; the fate of Jockey of Norfolk's master awaits the over-bold who deals with the author of *Midnight Madness*; it is stupid and pretentious, and sometimes unintentionally comical; happily Mr. Hubbell is not really mad, but only impudent."

—Rudyard Kipling's recent letter on New York, in the

Metropolitan Sunday papers, appears to have served as a boomerang; his name was proposed for membership at the Players' Club, but, meeting with much opposition, it was not acted upon.

—"The late Calmann Lévy, who," says London Truth, "took illustrious personages with whom he had to deal on their own merits, expressed his opinion of the queen of Roumania, in saying of her 'Quelle raseuse!' I fancy, her vanity being colossal and her nerves unstrung, that he found her a bore; her contribution to Hachette's monographs of the capitals of the world shows her, however, to be an original and a practised writer."

—The New York Tribune characterizes Imperial Purple, Edgar Saltus' latest book, "as a modernized version of the most scabrous details of Suetonius, Tacitus, etc., concerning the lives of the Cæsars"; and adds further: "what imperial Rome was has long been tolerably well understood, and it seems hardly worth the while of any one to 'make copy' at this late day of crimes and foulnesses which the professed historian finds it necessary either to pass over unnoticed or to veil his allusions to them in a learned tongue."

—In reviewing Ludovic Halévy's *Karikari*, the London Athenæum maintains that "M. Halévy's volume of short stories is admirable and worthy of his place as an Academician, as well as delightful for his public; every one of the seven stories is perfect of its kind, and, while some of them are almost as humorous as the Cardinal series, none of them is calculated to shock the reader; and, on the other hand, there is not a trace of the dulness some found in that work of M. Halévy's which had the greatest sale of any modern novel."

—Robert Louis Stevenson's animated little book, *Travels with a Donkey*, has become rare in England, and collectors are now giving over \$15 for a copy.

—In the book in which Mr. Berry, the famous executioner of England, describes his experiences, he says it has long been his habit to ask from a condemned man or woman a private confession for the relief of the executioner's own feelings in order that he might feel sure that he was not hanging an innocent person; the confidence reposed in him at such moment, he says, he has never divulged, but he is at liberty to say that of all the people he has executed, only two or three have died without fully and freely confessing their guilt to him.

—Emerson Bennett was widely known twenty years ago as a novelist, his *Prairie Flower* having reached a sale of 100,000 copies; he is a veteran of seventy and lives in Philadelphia; Mr. Bennett is still a prolific maker of manuscript, writing all night and sleeping all day.

## LITERARY COMMENT

*M. RENAN'S GAYETY.....THE LONDON SPECTATOR*

"Ah!" said a lady a short time since, in gentle depreciation of a friend, "he is an intelligent creature, but he has a cork soul." The sentence, which was not uttered of M. Renan, seems to us to describe precisely the defect which for us destroys, or at least grievously impairs, the value of his personality. He has charm, he has pleasantness, he has on many subjects incisiveness of perception; but he has a cork soul, one so light that it does not even perceive the weight of the topic he discusses. He talks of God, and he means some spiritual influence which corporate humanity is to develop when it is sufficiently far advanced; he speaks of the soul, and only intends the mind when it is moved by some hot emotion; and he writes of sin, but he only thinks of a breach in a code of his own devising—nay, he hardly means even that, for conviction of sin is a feeling he has not felt, and, if we judge him aright, could not by possibility feel. Theology is for him as light a thing as literature, and he expects to await the judgment of God, if there is any, much as a hitherto successful playwright expects to await the judgment of the theatre on a first night. He has a cork soul, in fact, like so many more, Englishmen as well as Frenchmen; but the thing peculiar to himself is that he is proud of it, for it is this quality in him which he calls gayety of heart, and all through his souvenirs displays as a recommendation, and leaves, in the semi-jocular, semi-earnest will he recently published, to be distributed among French miners, of all men in the world, because they need it so much, and with explosions to come perhaps in the next minute, it will do them so much good! It is thoroughly French, all that, as well as thoroughly Renanian, and one is tempted to stop a moment and reflect what this gayety of heart which Frenchmen have claimed for centuries really is, and whether, after all, it is so well worth the having. When it is a mere euphemism, as it sometimes is for "courage," it is of course a gift; for fear can benefit no man, and the man or woman who can encounter, say, a rocket-battery or cancer, with a certain gayety, may claim, if it be but sincere, an inner force which most good men would rather envy than grudge

to its possessor. We have seen a man racked with a mortal disease, who could no more help jesting than breathing, and certainly it is not to him that our depreciation of gayety extends. But most men, and especially Continental men, give to "gayety" a meaning different from "courage," and with that meaning we hardly see that it is an admirable quality at all. It makes life, perhaps, a little pleasanter at times for those around, and that is a benevolence, though an unconscious one; but it is in itself nothing but the power of regarding facts, and especially events and thoughts, as less burdensome than they are—that is, in fact, of amiably lying to one's self after the Harold Skimpole fashion. He is the most perfect example of gayety we can recall in literature known to all men. Care weighed nothing with him, especially pecuniary care; and debts being light to a man of that mood, he was at no more pains to shake them off than any other light thing. Why should one brush snowflakes from a pea-jacket?—it only makes the jacket wetter. Nothing presses when nothing weighs, and gayety is the capacity of levitation applied to all ponderable things. Is there much good in that as a permanent quality of one's nature?—and if so, what good? Joy is a great thing, a sweet tonic for the mind; and joyousness, which is the capacity of receiving joy, is a faculty without which the soul cannot be completely healthy; while gladness—Englishmen have forgotten to use the word, but it signifies the emotion caused by protracted joy—is happiness itself, the ideal to which we all aspire and which all hope, perhaps unreasonably, that we shall some day attain. (It may be otherwise, and our reward may be only a perpetuity of effort, the object of which we can understand.) But what does gayety, if our definition even approaches accuracy, do for us? what gift does it confer? A little more power of deceiving ourselves, which may, in some rare cases, be a little more power to bear, but is much more frequently a little more facility in evading that bearing which nevertheless must be encountered. The gay poet is the writer of verses about the surface of things; the gay politician is the statesman to whom all results, except his own overthrow, are practically indifferent; the gay theologian is the theologian for whom, like M. Renan, there is no theology, no study of God, but only a study of how man may most lightly endure the vacuum created by his absence. To

all alike, to Horace, to Lord Palmerston when that mood was on him, to M. Renan, the sense of weight in the atmosphere is wanting; they are cork souls, and float lightly whither the breezes will. In a child, such gayety is both beautiful and lovable, for a child should be free of pressure, and, moreover, that in a child which proves childhood is an essential grace; but in a grown man there is surely in gayety, such as we have defined it, some want of manliness. "Gayly as to a dance went our heroes," writes the highly admiring Frenchman, thinking the while how he would have pointed his toes. "We shut our teeth," writes the English Lieutenant, "and so in among the bullets again." Which is the manlier, and which will conquer in the end—the "hero" whose gayety is half vanity or thoughtlessness, or a faculty of not seeing the bullets, or the lad who, having no power of levitation, sees them a great deal too clearly and goes on? There must be something in the power of perception, something in the power of measurement, something in the power of self-compression; and all these powers, by the very necessity of the case, must be wanting to him who under the gravest emergencies, or during the gravest thoughts—and the thoughts of a theologian on theology must always be grave—is only gay. But then, there is the subjective side, for gayety, it is asserted, is such a source of happiness. Is it? We cannot answer the question as regards the individual, for no man ever pierces the veil, so thin and so impassable, which separates his inner self from the inner self of any other human being; but it may be answered in a way as regards great masses of men. The quality of gayety is always attributed by all observers to two European peoples in particular; and certainly, if content be any sign of happiness, the share which either enjoys must be a most minute one. The Frenchman has been revolting for a hundred years, and has not done with that process yet. He has the finest country in Europe; he is the one man not crushed by the competition of ever-increasing multitudes; and he, of all mankind, did most to make his own institutions after his own design: yet it is in France, of all countries in the world, that the volcanic forces below heave up most visibly, that society is always most dreading—with reason or without reason, matters nothing—a sudden overthrow. What has his gayety given to the Frenchman except the mutability over which he laments, as if, were his sea but stable, he

could be most content. The weight which seems to press so lightly is always there, and the Frenchman out of the street is, far more than the Englishman, the victim of carking care, the man of all mankind, the German soldier excepted, most likely to take on himself the right to quit an unendurable world. The Frenchman's gayety, be it observed, is a genuine thing; it is no more a pose in M. Renan than it was in Mgr. Freppel; but it does not shield him from a capacity of misery rare among mankind, a capacity so widely diffused that for a generation the only literatures he has generally tolerated are his own and the Russian, both saturated through and through with pessimism and melancholia. As for the Irishman, he is gay indeed at the fair or in the shebeen, and a surface gayety shows in him everywhere if he chances to be pleased; but no man in the world asks more loudly for pity, for sympathy, for all the aid from his fellows that can relieve the burden of a melancholy which is incurable, and which every now and then becomes ferocious. What does the Irishman gain from his gayety, except a reputation for levity—often undeserved, for the foundation of the Irish character is pessimistic apprehension—and the power, no doubt in a degree a compensating power, of singing lightsome songs which, however, only rise to their highest merit when, even during the revel, you hear in them, either in words or music, the note of a pathetic wail? What Irishman who knows Ireland will quote his country as proof that gayety is a working recipe for happiness? There is one gay Asiatic race, and but one, gay with all that M. Renan means by gayety, except the benevolence which he unreasonably but gracefully imports into it; and that is the Persian, whose literature is saturated with a gayety that in all its forms smells of Paris; and the Persian is perishing of his misery, literally dying out. Is it because it is happy that this brilliant people refuses any longer to fill its villages? Gayety of this sort, the true Continental sort, gayety which is the ability to think of a ton as a pound while you are wriggling under it, has brought happiness to no race, though it has no doubt helped to mould Hafiz and Béranger and Moore. We can get something out of them, no doubt; but most assuredly it is not the content and the cheerfulness and the pleasure in life to secure which M. Renan distributes among the miners of France that store of gayety which, while he has, as he says, money and glory and influence, he

thinks and describes as so large. We fear they will get little good of it, except some minutes of self-deception, during which they will believe that the coal cuts easier and the pick has a sharper end. Neither coal nor pick will alter, and gayety will do as little for them as it will for M. Renan in finding out the secret of the Whence and Whither. It is to heavier souls it is given to go far upon that quest.

PROPERTY IN IDEAS.....THE SPEAKER

The question of literary property has arisen in a specially piquant form through the discovery of an ingenious form of "conveyance" practised by one religious paper on another. The Religious Review of Reviews has apparently been making large use of matter which had already adorned the columns of the Record, and has omitted the formality of acknowledging its source. The title of the Religious Review of Reviews suggests, indeed, an obvious literary larceny from Mr. Stead's magazine, which, in its turn, points to a scientific application of (shall we say?) the more modern type of sub-editing. But that is precisely where the point of morals—such as it is—comes in. What is fair literary "conveyance," and what is not? Clearly the sort of borrowing, without reference to the lender, in which the Religious Review of Reviews has been indulging, belongs to the second kind of transaction. But that by no means exhausts the question. Is an evening paper justified in printing, with acknowledgment as to its source, material for which a morning paper has paid a high price and possibly organized a special service of intelligence—*i.e.*, into which it has put both money and brains? On the other hand, is it possible to discriminate between material which the originating paper is willing—even anxious—to see reproduced, and that which it desires jealously to guard for its readers alone? There is an absurdity involved in the position under which, as a recent writer suggested, we might be preparing the way for a line of Dukes of Shakespeare, charging the public handsome royalties for the temporary use of their ancestor's works. Just as we are all members one of another, so do nine out of ten editors and sub-editors live, cannibal-like, on their own species. The end in view is, after all, the dissemination of ideas, not their consolidation in a kind of highly select intellectual "stock." And in our anxiety to protect the rights of men who run news-

papers for profit, we must not overlook the interests of the community, for whom, after all, newspapers exist. At the same time, it cannot be doubted that the present system, resting as it does on an obscure and singularly clumsy law, contains some obvious injustices and defects. Take the case of the outbreak of a foreign war. The great daily morning papers would all organize special services direct from the seat of war, costing them tens of thousands of pounds for correspondents' salaries and expenses and for the conveyance of telegrams. But the half-penny evening press, appearing long before the sale of the morning papers is over, would be able to reproduce the essential points of these communications for half the price, and for the mere cost of "setting" the material. If we remember rightly, the fortune of one of the most reputable of the evening papers was practically insured in this fashion at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. Or suppose a more extreme case still—that of the starting of a half-penny morning express, appearing a little—but only a little—later than the penny morning dailies, and scientifically "gutting" their special home and foreign intelligence, on which the *Times*, for instance, spends a large portion of its revenues. The injustice of this would be palpable; and yet the law hardly affords a sufficient remedy. It may be quite true, as Mr. Strahan states, that there is a copyright in news, and that an action lies for the tort or injury done the property. But the result of such a case could, at the best, only be the protection of the matter already stolen. In other words, it could not be republished by the offending journal or by any of its contemporaries. But there would be nothing to prevent the pilfering of further news or telegrams, for the simple reason that no copyright can arise in material until that material exists in printed and salable form.

#### BARRIE OF THRUMS

The Auld Licht Kirk of Thrums, which has figured so prominently in J. M. Barrie's novels, is now being demolished, to make way for a new building, the interior of the old church with the pulpit from which the little minister preached having been sold to the highest bidder. J. M. Barrie was born in Kirriemuir (Thrums) in 1860, inheriting from his mother the traditions of the Auld Licht sect. Louise Chandler Moulton says of him in Lippincott's: "From Kir-

riemuir Barrie went, in his boyhood, to Dumfries, where his brother was inspector of schools, and he was for some time a pupil in the Dumfries Academy. At eighteen he entered Edinburgh University; and after he had obtained his university degree he began his journalistic career. He was a leader-writer on the Nottingham Journal until 1885, when he resigned his post and removed to London. His progress seemed slow in the beginning, but he was not discouraged. Mr. Frederick Greenwood—at that time the editor of the *St. James' Gazette*—and Mr. F. W. Robinson, of *Home Chimes*, were among his earliest London friends; and very soon his journalistic work under their auspices attracted much attention. He has an especial gift for subtle and quiet satire. He will treat a subject with apparently the greatest consideration, and so delicate is his mockery that a careless reader often gets half through an article before perceiving that it was written in jest. One of his books—*An Edinburgh Eleven*—was made up of papers contributed to the *British Weekly*. Among those eleven portraits is one of Robert Louis Stevenson, in which Mr. Barrie alludes very amusingly to Henry James, and to James' estimate of Stevenson. 'A literary man,' he says, 'without a fixed occupation amazes Mr. Henry James, a master in the school of fiction which tells, in three volumes, how Hiram K. Wilding trod on the skirt of Alice M. Sparkins without anything's coming of it. Mr. James analyzes Mr. Stevenson with immense cleverness, but without summing up. That Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde should be by the author of *Treasure Island*, and *Virginibus Puerisque* by the author of *The New Arabian Nights*, and *A Child's Garden of Verses* by the author of *Prince Otto* are to him the three degrees of comparison of wonder; though for my own part I marvel more that the author of *Daisy Miller* should be Mr. Stevenson's eulogist. One conceives Mr. James a boy in velveteens, looking fearfully at Stevenson playing at pirates.' These *British Weekly* portraits were published under the pen-name of 'Gavin Ogilvy,' but Barrie soon gave up this signature (derived from his mother's family), and has published all his most important work under his own name—which, indeed, it took him but brief space to make famous. I have never read his first book, *Better Dead*. My acquaintance with his works began with the *Auld Licht Idylls*, which was published in the March of 1888 and met

with a deserved and immediate success. It has passed through at least a half-dozen London editions. It proved Barrie to be—as the *Saturday Review* made haste to announce—"a man with a style"; and it proved also that he was a man with a special and most interesting gift of his own. It is humorous, with that exquisite humor which appears to take itself seriously. It is tender, witty, wise, noble, simple—all, in short, that is original and delightful. When a *Man's Single* came in the autumn of the same year; and in this book were depicted some of the author's journalistic experiences in Nottingham as well as in London. To this merry tale succeeded *A Window in Thrums*; and even with the spell of *The Little Minister* still upon me, I am constrained to confess that I, personally, am more deeply moved by *A Window in Thrums* than by anything else that Mr. Barrie has written. Were I to say all that I think of it, some scoffer might accuse me of extravagance; but for me it is a book of books. It is humorous; it is pathetic, it is realistic; it is romantic; above all, it is human. If you can read the chapter where Jamie comes home from London, and catches sight of his mother's window, when he reaches the elbow of the brae; and then that other chapter where he comes home once more, and the mother, ay, and the father, and the sister, too, are all dead—if you can read these two chapters with dry eyes, you have a heart to which pathos addresses itself in vain. In these days of the making of many books, one forgets most tales almost as quickly as one reads them; but Jess sitting at her window in Thrums—where things happy and mournful and terrible come before her—is an unforgettable figure, as immortal as Jeanie Deans. Will Babbie, the Egyptian, in *The Little Minister*, with her conquering beauty, her wayward, inescapable charm, dwell also among the immortals of fiction? I am less certain of it; and yet in some respects Mr. Barrie has touched his high-water mark in *The Little Minister*. The men and the women in its pages are alive. The book deals with larger and more comprehensive issues than its predecessors. In the relation between the minister and his mother, the author touches yet more keenly the same chord that bound the hearts of Jess and her wayward Jamie in the *Window in Thrums*. Margaret's pride in her son is so perfect and so unflinching that, even when disgrace has overtaken him, and the chief elder of the kirk goes to tell her of

it, she fairly conquers him by her simple faith, and makes it actually impossible for him to speak. I have been told that the tie between Mr. Barrie and his own mother is singularly intimate and strong; and I can well believe it, for I can hardly recall, in literature, pictures of the close union between son and mother at once so real and so tender as those he has painted. Babbie is the only one of our author's characters with whom I do not feel myself intimately acquainted. She puzzles me, even while she charms me; and she never wholly convinces me. 'Would she have done this, or said that?' I sometimes find myself asking. Yet some things that she says are like sudden lights flashing upon a dark landscape. When she cries out to Lord Rintoul, 'Oh! what have not you men to answer for who talk of love to a woman when her face is all you know of her; her passions, her aspirations, are for kissing to sleep, her very soul a plaything'—she reveals, in a sentence, the cruel secret of what it pleases most men to call love. From first to last, she is as noble as she is wayward; but her charm has always—and perhaps that is the secret of its witchery—something of the unaccountable, the unexpected, the bizarre. I think *The Little Minister* is the most enthralling of all Mr. Barrie's books. I love *A Window in Thrums* more abidingly, and shall return to it oftener; but I could lay it down less impatiently. It is by token of his latest book that one feels sure Mr. Barrie can come out of Thrums whenever it so pleases him, that he is not limited to any one range of life or of character, and that the innermost hearts of men and women are books wherein he reads, whose subtlest language he knows, whose secrets he has the commission to reveal."

THE GERMS OF BOOKS.....THE LONDON GLOBE

The Athenæum recently contained a very interesting account of an incident which gave Mr. Thomas Hardy the germ of his novel of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. He was standing one day at the corner of a street in a small Dorsetshire town, when he heard a drunken man, as he staggered by, exclaim, "I've got a family vault over at ——." The idea to which the incident gave rise germinated in the novelist's mind, and in due time modern English fiction was enriched by the best work as yet of the Wessex writer. Many famous books have originated similarly in a chance word or a fortuitous occur-

rence, but, as in the old story of Eyes and No Eyes, it needs the observant eye and ear to seize at once on the possibilities contained in such casual incidents, and to show that one of the best uses of fact is to pave the way to fiction, so that, what to the Gradgrinds of the world would be only another item to be labelled and classified, becomes in the hands of a man of genius the germ of an artistic creation. One of the most exquisite poems in our literature, Milton's *Comus*, was suggested by the simple incident of Lady Alice Egerton and two of her brothers losing their way in a wood. A sofa is a prosaic object enough, but when it was offered to the poet of Olney, by a lady, as the subject for a poem, Cowper saw a good deal more in it than ever upholsterer saw, and the result was a poem which still has many charms for a wide circle of readers, and contains passages of description of English country life which are likely to live as long as the language lasts. A great poetical work of our own age, Browning's *Ring and the Book*, owed its origin to a little volume lying on a bookstall, which probably many a careless loiterer had picked up, glanced at, and put down again as of no account before the poet fastened on it. This little book was the original parchment-bound record of the famous Roman tragedy of the seventeenth century known as the *Franceschini* case. One day, some thirty years ago, Browning picked up the book on a stall in the Piazza San Lorenzo in Florence. The story at once fascinated him, and by the end of the day he had mastered it. He has himself recorded, in the first section of his poem, how—with his mind full of what he had read—he then stepped out on to the terrace of his house, and against the dark background of the sultry June night, lit fitfully by the broad flashings of the summer lightning, he saw the tragedy unroll itself before him, to the accompaniment of the hum of voices from the street below, and of solemn chantings from the neighboring church of San Felice. Thus the germ was deposited in the poet's mind, but it was long before it developed. Four years elapsed before he actually began the composition of his work, and the completed poem was not published until 1869. It is a trite saying that many great works rise from very small beginnings. A few words from Elwood, conversing with Milton at Chalfont St. Giles, led to the composition of the *Paradise Regained*, which the poet, with curious parental perversity, preferred to its

predecessor; and every child has been told that Newton was started on the path which led to his deduction of the principle of gravity, and all the philosophy therein implied, by receiving a falling apple on his pate as he sat under a tree in the country. Gibbon first conceived the idea of writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* one autumn evening in the Eternal City, as he sat, he tells us, "musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter." Hawthorne's wonderful romance, *The Scarlet Letter*, was suggested by the fact of his finding one day, when rummaging among the dusty papers and records of the old Custom House at Salem, what he calls "a certain affair of fine red cloth, much worn and faded." This ragged scrap was in the form of the capital letter A, and bore traces of gold embroidery. The scarlet letter fascinated him, and, with a roll of dingy paper which he discovered, containing many particulars about a certain Hester Prynne, inspired the romance which first made the name of Hawthorne famous. In fiction, especially, is it interesting to observe the way in which a masterpiece may be developed from an uncertain and confused beginning. With the germ of the story in his hands, the novelist is sometimes slow to see to what it will grow. It is not always open to the reader to observe the process, but in many cases a story can be traced from its conception to its birth, and in its progress the writer's intentions sometimes undergo astonishing transformations. The germ of the *Old Curiosity Shop* was the story of *Little Nell*. But the pathetic story, as first imagined, was intended to form only the conclusion to the projected *Master Humphrey's Clock*. Dickens wrote to Foster that he thought of lengthening *Humphrey*, and "closing with the little child-story." But the idea of the old man and his childish guide and protector grew until the machinery of *Master Humphrey* and his clock were cast aside, and the proposed episodic conclusion became the main theme of one of the most popular of Dickens novels. Many instances of development of this sort are familiar to students of Dickens. Every one knows how *Pickwick* itself was intended at first merely as letterpress to accompany sketches which were meant to be the main attraction of the periodical parts, and how the rambling and delightful narrative mastered the plates in a very short time, and thoroughly

reversed the original intention. It is more easy to trace these developments in Dickens than in many other authors, because of the ample light that is thrown, in the biography by Forster and in the voluminous correspondence, on his methods of working and on the immense labor with which he prepared his book for his enthusiastic public. But the same interesting process may often be observed in connection with the work of other novelists. Not the least interesting parts of that most valuable book, the *Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, lately given to the world in a complete form, are those which show the way in which some one historical or romantic incident would seize on Scott's imagination and ferment therein until the great magician evolved therefrom one of his wonderful creations. The *Fair Maid of Perth*, for instance, owed its origin entirely to an old historical account, which Scott came across, of the fierce and sanguinary fight between the two Highland clans on the enclosed meadow of the Tay. In the novel this terrible contest, from which only one combatant escaped with life, occurs very near the end of the work: all the rest of the story had to be written to lead up to the incident which gave rise to the book. Somewhat similarly the germ of George Eliot's novel, *Adam Bede*, was the fight between that hero and Arthur Donnithorne. But in this case the fight comes in the middle of the story, and all that precedes it was introductory thereto, as the remainder of the book was its sequel. Instances of this kind might easily be multiplied. Some scene or incident actually observed in real life, or read about in book or newspaper, is the nucleus around which gathers an accretion of fact and fancy; personages take form and live, shadowy scenes assume the guise of reality, the plot develops, events fall into ordered sequence, and a great book is written. But, whatever potentialities such a germ may contain, the chief requisite for its complete development is the fertile brain of genius, wherein it may germinate, and in due time blossom and bring forth fruit.

## CURRENT VERSE

*D'ARTAGNAN....."SHEILA".....THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT*

O Gascon! with thy heart of fire,  
And eyes of sunny blue,  
A cavalier of olden times,  
When men were brave as true.  
A figure bright of gallant youth  
With flashing sword in hand,  
A type of ancient chivalry  
And romance, still you stand.  
There's peril in thy laughing glance,  
Destruction in thy train,  
For all who 'scape thy fiery sword  
Beneath that smile are slain.

*TO AN OLD GUITAR.....ANNIE LOUISE BRAKENRIDGE. ....THE CENTURY*

Her slender fingers, jewel-drest,  
Stole softly to and fro,  
And in and out among the strings,  
To tunes of long ago.  
The golden ribbon kissed her throat,  
Where fain his lips would be—  
Oh, how he loved her very breath,  
His sweet maid Marjorie!  
In velvet drest, with silken hose,  
And jewels not a few,  
Ah, what a cavalier was he,  
In seventeen-ninety-two!  
My songs are not so quaintly sweet  
As those she sang to him,  
My love and I no picture make  
Like theirs, with time grown dim.  
But music lingers still in thee,  
And love is just as strong,  
As when sweet Marjorie was young  
And tuned thee to her song.  
My love and I will pass away  
Some day, and then will be

Another hand to touch thy strings,  
 And find thy melody.  
 Do you not wonder, old guitar,  
 Whose hand 'twill be, and who  
 Will sing the sweet love-songs to him  
 Of nineteen-ninety-two?  
 I am not sad to think it true  
 (The present is so sweet),  
 That joy and sorrow must unite  
 To make thy chords complete.  
 For what is sorrow, pain, or death  
 To us whose souls are strong!  
 Time cannot put an end to thee,  
 Dear Life, and Love, and Song!

*O TIME AND CHANGE.....FROM W. E. HENLEY'S "SONG OF THE SWORD"*

O Time and Change, they range and range  
 From sunshine round to thunder!  
 They glance and go as the great winds blow,  
 And the best of our dreams drive under:  
 For Time and Change estrange, estrange—  
 And, now they have looked and seen us,  
 O we that were dear we are all too near  
 With the thick of the world between us.  
 O Death and Time, they chime and chime  
 Like bells at sunset falling!  
 They end the song, they right the wrong,  
 They set the old echoes calling:  
 For Death and Time bring on the prime  
 Of God's own chosen weather,  
 And we lie in the peace of the Great Release  
 As once in the grass together.

*AFTER SUNSET.....GRAHAM R. TOMSON.....SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE*

The black Downs tower to westward  
 A tomb for the buried sun,  
 The flats of the water meadows  
 Are fading from green to dun.  
 Dark spreads the vast arena,  
 Swart on the yellow light,  
 And out of the gloom and the silence  
 A strange voice cries to the night.

Cries—and a strange voice answers,  
Sudden, and hoarse, and slow,  
Heavy with pain past telling,  
The weight of a monstrous woe.

Still, as I wait and hearken,  
I know not which they may be;  
Voices of down and marshland,  
Or the voice of my heart in me.

But I know that the cry they echo  
Was old when the world was young,  
The plaint of a nameless sorrow  
Whose speech is an unknown tongue.

*KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN....JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY ...INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL*

Kathleen Mavourneen! The song is still ringing  
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds;  
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing  
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest words.  
Oh, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it,  
Oh, have we forgotten his rapturous art,  
Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it?  
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of the heart!

Kathleen Mavourneen! Thy lover still lingers;  
The long night is waning, the stars pale and few:  
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,  
Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew;  
The old harp-strings quaver, the old voice is shaking,  
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain.  
The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking.  
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

*ROMANCE OF A HAMMOCK....FROM CHARLES BUXTON GOING'S "SUMMER FALLOW"*

Amongst the sunny apple-trees,  
And 'mid a scent of haying,  
In dainty muslin draperies  
A little maid was swaying;  
The summer sky peeped down, among  
The leaves above her, as she swung;  
And when she looked so sweet and young,  
How could he keep from staying?

She was asleep, he fondly thought,  
But, seeking to discover,

The pretty eyes looked up, and caught  
Him fairly bent above her;  
It may have been their fates' intent,  
It may have been an accident:  
But either brought the one event—  
He straightway came to love her.

No stern duenna stood on guard,  
No proper elder sister;  
And so he found it quite too hard,  
Unhindered, to resist her:  
For when the languid summer air  
Brushed back the curl of golden hair  
That touched her cheek, she looked so fair  
He stooped and softly kissed her!

You think that he was "very rude,"  
And she was "bold and naughty?"  
It may be you have misconstrued.  
So, ere you look so haughty,  
Please wait to hear the story told;  
Perhaps you may not care to scold:  
For she was only four years old,  
And he was over forty!

*A LOVE SONG.....FROM FRANK L. STANTON'S "SONGS OF A DAY"*

Sweetheart, there is no splendor  
In all God's splendid skies  
Bright as the love-light tender  
That dwells in your dear eyes!

Sweetheart, there are no blisses  
Like those thy lips distil;  
Of all the world's sweet kisses  
Thy kiss is sweetest still!

Sweetheart, no white dove flying  
Had e'er as soft a breast  
As this sweet hand that's lying  
Clasped in my own—at rest!

Sweetheart, there is no glory  
That clusters 'round my life  
Bright as this bright, sweet story:  
"My sweetheart and my wife!"

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

### *TASTE IN OUR BUILDINGS*

American architecture is less of a misnomer than it was twenty years ago. Critics and architects, however, still agree that such a thing as a new architecture is an impossibility. The art, however, from the point of view of the professional architect, is a new one in America. To-day architects swarm over the country. We had a few years ago only isolated examples of true architecture. The builder fashioned generally all the details of a building, and to save mental and monetary expense fell into the endless repetitions that have made of many American cities positive eyesores. Now, however, we are in the middle of an era when the intelligence of expert opinion is called in. There came a time when the vulgar taste of the builder, the tawdry and bulbous creations with which we were surrounded became too offensive to bear, and attention was directed by the sudden craze for Queen Anne to something more simple. The effort since then has been to return more and more to the old forms, in which we must find the American affinity, if such a thing as an original architecture is out of the question.

What it shall be, even experts are as yet unable even to hint at, but that a healthier taste is growing may be gathered from such volumes as that of Mr. Montgomery Schuyler which the Harpers have recently published. Mr. Schuyler loses all patience with the Queen Anne, which separates the questions of beauty and utility in a building, forgetful apparently of the fact that much is due to this abused form of expression, until it was able to bear all the sins committed in the newer against the old or nondescript order of things that preceded it. Indeed, Mr. Schuyler's volume is, if anything, a study of American architecture that leans on the utilitarian side of the question. Yet the volume is not unmindful of the other, or the side that appeals to the taste, for we have in the volume a chapter devoted to the need of greater elaboration and architectural design in the Brooklyn Bridge piers.

The most interesting part of the volume is that devoted to our house and general building designs. Mr. Schuyler is uncompromising, in this part, in his severity both upon many of our modern creations, but also upon the architects them-

selves, to whom he does not hesitate to apply his epithets. He is remorseless in handling the falsities into which we have fallen, the architectural "jokes" that are perpetrated in our most solemn places, the thin veneer of bad taste applied on the surface of things, and the incongruity in general between the outward forms and the inward uses of our dwellings and public buildings.

One chapter in the book, devoted to the American Cathedral, indorses the Provençal-Romanesque designs of H. H. Richardson, the All Saints Cathedral at Albany being fully described and illustrated. The final chapters are given up to Western architecture. Some of these papers have appeared in Harper's Magazine. As they are here gathered together, they form a unique commentary upon the recent progress of American architects, whose triumphs are yearly becoming greater and whose skill is becoming more and more widely recognized. (Harper & Bros.)

THE SILVERY NORTH

From Palm to Glacier, by Alice W. Rollins, comprises, in a well-illustrated book, a glimpse of tropical vegetation and scenes, and a sight of the Alaskan wilds. It is something of a rhapsody over the varying beauties of nature, the observations betraying the enthusiasms of a traveller rather than the notes of one in search of scientific or other truths. A short extract from the description of Alaska, which is among the best in the book, will be sufficient to characterize the volume to intending readers:

She is the lady of landscapes—our fair Alaska! dainty to her heart's core. Very, very fair she is, sitting silent among her silver hills, with her white brows, her snowy laces, her jewelled stars, her long, tapering headlands like slender feet, cloaked with silver streams, resting on the satin cushion of the sea without even dimpling its surface with their weight. For a long time there were none to see or care. What was she, without art, or literature, or history, or associations, or even ruins, to charm away those who loved the magnificence of Rome, the witchery of Venice, the splendor of the Orient? Yet the time came when, turning their surprised prows northward, wearied lovers of the South and East learned the charm of this silent Lady of the pale Northern Snows, and she, even she, heard through the thrilling dusk the whisper of whispers that transfigures and enlightens the world—"O my beloved!"

She is so different from what you expect; therein, perhaps, lies the first fascination. A palm is exactly like the pictures of

palm-trees; but a glacier is not in the least like the pictures of glaciers. You have wearied of civilization, of luxury, of art, of magnificence, even of comfort; you will go north, you think; you will plunge into the wild viking scenery of the only part of the world that is left unfinished; even if it is very rough, it will be a change. It will be exhilarating. For the sake of seeing a few icebergs and glaciers in their native elements, you will even consent to shiver for a few days, although, as a rule, you do not like to shiver. It will be cold, it will be horrid, it will be uncomfortable; but it will be interesting in its way—and new.

To one with this preconceived idea of Alaska, the reality comes with a strange and deeply fascinating surprise. You will expect viking ruggedness, hoarse mutterings of icy boulders tumbling over icy boulders, the freezing breath of frigid and pallid skies, and a deadly dulness of inexorable gloom, only to be sought or endured because of a certain impressiveness in its solemn freedom from anything like the joy of life—but you find a singular blending of the most heavenly peace, the richest coloring, the daintiest beauty, the most impressive sweetness, you have ever known in scenery. With all its grandeur—and you had expected grandeur, though not of so fine a type—it is the most finished landscape in the world. "It is architectural," as Professor Muir describes it; everything is in proportion and perfectly balanced; nothing is rude and scrambling, but everything tapered and rounded and delicately perfect. Every long, slender, perfectly wooded headland seems to have been laid in its place by a landscape gardener. There is not a wound anywhere; not a tree cut down, or burned down, or blown down, or struck by lightning; not an unsightly building; not a trace of the iron rail of the energist or the axe of the pioneer; the only wound is that made by the ship as it cleaves the gentle sea, and even that closes over without a scar before the ship is out of sight. Yet the loveliness is not so delicate but that it is also very grand. The silence is the deep silence of brooding memories, not of ignorant experience. You thought you were coming to the unfinished part of the universe; but you realize that this is the end, not the beginning. (Putnam.)

*TRA LA LA!.....FROM DAVENPORT ADAMS, JR.'S, "WITH POET AND PLAYER"*

It was perhaps inevitable that, when Mr. Burnand made up his mind to burlesque *La Tosca*, the *La* in the title should suggest to him the prefix of *Tra la!* It happily hints at the idea of travesty and merriment. Of late years the exclamation has been made specially familiar by the famous duet in *The Mikado* about the flowers that bloom in the spring, and it has now obtained a vogue and a popularity which it has

not possessed since the Elizabethan period, in which, apparently, it took its rise.

Tra la la! to be sure, is not the only old English refrain whose renewed acceptability is due to the ingenuity of Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Sir Arthur, as everybody knows, has a happy knack of imitating—and sometimes equalling, if not surpassing—the madrigals and other ditties of the sixteenth century, and Mr. Gilbert, conscious of the fact, has not been slow to give him opportunity. One thinks at once of the duet between the lovers in *The Pirates of Penzance*, with its refrain of Fal la la la, fal la la la; one remembers, too, the same refrain as sung by the sentry in *Iolanthe*, by the heroine in *Patience*—

“ Think of the gulf ’twixt them and me—  
‘ Fal la la la’ and ‘ Miserie !’ ”

and by the quartet of singers in *The Mikado*;

“ Yet until the shadows fall  
Over one and over all  
Sing a merry madrigal—  
Fal-la, Fal-la ! ”

The Gilbert-Sullivan operas are, in truth, a mine of reminiscence of these vocal forms. Both author and composer have drunk deep of the well of old English song and melody undefiled. To the musician and the musical amateur, one of the great charms of *The Sorcerer* series is the frequent occurrence of such phrases as Sing hey, Sing hey to you, Hey willow, willow waly O, tarantara, tarantara, tarantara, taradiddle, taradiddle, and even *Titwillow, titwillow, titwillow*—for all of which an Elizabethan origin can be claimed.

We do not nowadays spontaneously burst forth into Tra la la! and so on—we are too conventional and respectable for that; but this seems to have been the habit of our excellent forefathers, who, whether pensive or otherwise, were not so anxious as we all now are to be perfectly intelligible in every utterance. It was enough for them that in this inarticulate manner they gave some sort of expression to their emotions, grave or gay. They were fond of the refrain, and they used it freely; it imparted to their melodies a “dying fall” of the sort that gave special pleasure, it will be remembered, to the Duke in *Twelfth Night*. Varied, indeed, were the “open sounds” with which the Elizabethans were wont to conclude

the various divisions of their songs. The Fal la la ending seems to have been especially agreeable to them; you cannot look through one of the old song-books without coming upon it over and over again. It is to be found in Morley's First Book of Ballets to Five Voices (1595), in Weelkes' Ballets and Madrigals (1598), and in Jones' A Musical Dream (1609), to name no others. It is used generally, not in a joyous sense, like Tra la la, but in a sentimental fashion, to portray the desolate feeling of unhappy lovers.

Similarly melancholy in tone is the Heigh ho of Greene, Shakespeare, Munday, and the rest. It represents a deep-drawn sigh, and figures prominently in the "sad songs" of the period. More lively are the Hey nonny no! of Middleton, and the Hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino! of the bard of Avon, both of which seem to have been great favorites with the musicians and singers of their time. One finds, however, great variety in these refrains. There is, for example, the Sing, willow, willow, willow of Desdemona's song, which no doubt suggested to Nicholas Rowe his Ah, willow, willow; ah, willow, willow, and was, possibly, the forerunner of the Titwillow of The Mikado. A kind of prototype can be found, also, for Mr. Gilbert's Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol, lol, lay in one of the ditties brought together by Thomas Weelkes, the chorus of which is as incomprehensible as any one could desire—

" Farra diddle dino,  
This is idle fino."

Ty hye! ty hye! begins the following verse, and one would like to know what that meant—if it meant anything.

Of the Gilbertian Tarantara, tarantara, tarantara we seem to get an inkling in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, where one of the choruses runs in this way:

" Hark how the trumpets sound,  
Hark how the hills rebound—  
Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara !"

But an even closer analogy may perhaps be discovered in a ditty lately reprinted from the Christ Church manuscripts, which concludes with:

" Come, ladies, then, and take a part,  
And as we sing, dance ye !  
Tarranta, ta-ta-ta-ta-tarrantina," etc.

In the Trilla, trilla, trillarie of Nicholas Udall, in his *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, we may perhaps have the first cousin of Tra la, tra la, or is Trillarie only an invented rhyme for Marjorie? The old song-writers were very clever in the origination or adoption of refrains like these. In one of their products we find an exclamatory line of this description—Ce! la! ho! ho! hu!—well worthy of a tribe of savages. Elsewhere we come across Ti-ha, tah-ha! and are not surprised that a contemporary satirist observed:

“ Let such rhymes no more disgrace  
Music sung of heavenly race.”

It was high time that a protest should be made against them—against gibberish compared with which the *Humbledum*, *humbledum*, and *Tweedle, tweedle, twino* of an anonymous bard sound almost sensible.

But, of course, into all these song-phrases the element of onomatopœia enters largely. They are what they profess to be—mere jingle, invented only to give voice to the dominant mood of the singer. One can trace in them a vague attempt to reproduce natural or artificial sounds, such as the lapping of water and the blare of the trumpet. In all of them the vowel-effect is very prominent, so as to give ease in utterance. In some of the later refrains, such as *Tooral li rooral Fol di rol lay* and similar inventions, the object has been definitely comic. The simple old exclamations have died out, save in the conscious parodies, or have to be sought in the folk-songs of the more unsophisticated European peoples. (Armstrong.)

#### SAINT TERESA

In *The Spanish Story of the Armada, and Other Essays*, by James Anthony Froude, is reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* the long and interesting article on the life of Saint Teresa, from which the following reading is taken:

All physicians, all psychologists of reputation, agree that besides sleeping and waking there are other conditions—trances, ecstasies, catalepsies, and such like—into which the body is liable to fall; and, as in sleep images present themselves more vivid than can be called up by waking memory or waking fancy, so in these exceptional states of the system peculiar phenomena appear, which are none the less real because fools or impostors have built-extravagant theories upon them. The muscles sometimes become rigid, the senses be-

come unnaturally susceptible. The dreaming power is extraordinarily intensified, and visions are seen (we say "seen" for want of a more scientific expression) palpable as sense itself. Such conditions are usually brought about by ordinary causes. Perhaps they may be created artificially. They are not supernatural, for they have an exact analogy in the universal experience of sleep. They are considered supernatural only because they are exceptional, and the objects perceived are always supplied out of the stores with which memory is furnished. Teresa's health was peculiar. For twenty years she had been liable to violent nervous attacks—those, too, an imperfectly understood form of disorder. She was full-blooded, constantly sick, constantly subject to fainting fits and weakness of the heart. Her intellect and moral sense, on the other hand, were remarkably strong. She was not given to idle imaginations. She was true and simple, was never known to tell a lie or act one. But her mental constitution was unusual. Objects that interested her, she says, never ran into words, but fastened themselves as pictures upon her brain. Meadows, trees, and rivers, effects of sky, all materials of landscape beauty, gave her intense emotions, but emotions which she was unable to describe. She was a painter, but without the faculty of conveying her impressions to canvas. She perceived with extreme vividness, but the perception ended in itself. If she wanted phrases, she had to look for them in books; and what she found in books did not satisfy, because it did not correspond to her own experience.

This was her general temperament, on which powerful religious emotion was now to work. The figure of Christ had first awakened her. The shock threw her into a trance. The trances repeated themselves whenever she was unusually agitated. Such a person would inevitably see "visions," which she would be unable to distinguish from reality; and if she believed herself subject to demoniac or angelic visitations, she was not on that account either weak or dishonest.

In the life of every one who has really tried to make a worthy use of existence, there is always a point—a point never afterward forgotten—when the road has ceased to be downhill, and the climb upward has commenced. There has been some accident perhaps; or some one has died, or one has been disappointed in something on which the heart had been fixed, or some earnest words have arrested attention; at any rate, some seed has fallen into a soil prepared to receive it. This is called in religious language conversion, the turning away from sin and folly to duty and righteousness. Beginnings are always hard. Persons who have hitherto acted in one particular way, and suddenly change to another way, are naturally suspected of having unworthy personal motives. They have lived so far for themselves. They cannot be credited at once with having ceased to live for themselves.

They must still be selfish. They must have some indirect object in view.

Teresa in her convent had resolved to be thenceforward a good woman, and to use to better purpose the means which the Church offered to her. She found at once that she was misunderstood and disliked. She wished to be peculiar, it was said; she wished to be thought a saint; she was setting herself up to be better than other people. Her trances and fits of unconsciousness were attributed to the most obvious cause. She was said to be "possessed" by a devil. She had been humbled in her own eyes; and she herself thought that perhaps it was a devil. She could not tell, and her spiritual adviser could not tell any better. The Jesuits were then rising into fame. Francisco Borgia, ex-duke of Gandia, had joined them, and had been made provincial-general of Spain. He came to Avila, heard of Teresa, and took charge of her case. He put her under a course of discipline. He told her to flog herself with a whip of nettles, to wear a haircloth plaited with broken wires, the points of which would tear her skin. Had her understanding been less robust, he would have driven her mad; as it was, he only intensified her nervous agitation. He bade her meditate daily on the details of Christ's passion. One day, while thus occupied, she became unconscious, her limbs stiffened, and she heard a voice say, "Thou shalt no more converse with men, but with angels." After this, the fits always returned when she was at prayers. She saw no distinct form, but she felt that Christ was close to her. She told her confessor what she had experienced. He asked how she knew that it was Christ. She could not explain. A few days after, she was able to tell him that she had actually seen Christ. She had seen him, she said (without being aware that she was explaining from whence the figure had been derived), exactly as he was painted rising from the sepulchre. The story went abroad. The ill-natured sisters made spiteful remarks; the wisest shook their heads. Teresa had not been noted for special holiness in the many years that she had been among them. Others, much more like saints than she, had never seen anything wonderful; why should God select her to visit with such special favor? They were more clear than ever that she was possessed. She was preached at from the pulpit; she was prayed for in chapel as bewitched. She could not tell how to behave: if she was silent about her visions, it was deceit; if she spoke of them, it was vanity. She preserved her balance in this strange trial remarkably well. Her confessor had been warned against her, and was as hard as the rest. She continued to tell him whatever she supposed herself to see and hear, and absolutely submitted to his judgment. He confidently assured her it was the devil, and directed her when Christ appeared next to make the sign of the cross and point her

thumb at him. God would then deliver her. She obeyed, though with infinite pain. Christ's figure, whoever made it, ought, she thought, to be revered; and to point her thumb was to mock like the Jews. As her trances recurred always at her devotions, she was next forbidden to pray. Under these trials Christ himself interposed to comfort her. He told her that she was right in obeying her confessor, though the confessor was mistaken. The inhibition to pray, he said, was tyranny, and, in fact, it was not long maintained. The apparitions grew more frequent and more vivid. One day the cross attached to her rosary was snatched out of her hands, and when it was given back to her it was set with jewels more brilliant than diamonds. A voice said that she would always see it so, though to others it would seem as before. She had often an acute pain in her side; she fancied once that an angel came to her with a lance tipped with fire, which he struck into her heart. In after-years, when she became legendary, it was gravely declared that the heart had been examined, and had been found actually pierced. A large drawing of it forms the frontispiece of the biography provided for the use of pious Catholics.

This condition continued for several years, and became the talk of Avila. Some held to the possession theory; others said it was imposture; others, especially as there was no further harm in poor Teresa, began to fancy that perhaps the visions were real. She herself knew not what to think. Excellent people were satisfied that she was under a delusion, and the excellent people, she thought, might very likely be right, for the apparitions were not all of a consoling kind. She had seen Christ and the angels, but also she had seen the devil. "Once," she says, "the devil appeared to me in the oratory; he spoke to me; his face was awful, and his body was of flame without smoke. He said that I had escaped him for the present, but he would have me yet. I made the sign of the cross; he went, but returned; I threw holy water at him, and then he vanished." At another time she was taken into hell; the entrance was by a gloomy passage, at the end of which was a pool of putrid water alive with writhing snakes. She fancied that she was thrust into a hole in a wall where she could neither sit nor lie, and in that position was tortured with cramps. Other horrors she witnessed, but did not herself experience; she was shown only what would have been her own condition if she had not been rescued.

One act she records, exceedingly characteristic. Avila was not wholly unbelieving. Afflicted persons sometimes came to her for advice. Among the rest a priest came, who was living in mortal sin, miserable, yet unable to confess in the proper form, and so made fast in the bonds of Satan. Teresa prayed for him; and then he managed to confess, and for a time did not sin any more; but he told Teresa that the devil

tortured him dreadfully, and he could not bear it. She then prayed that the tortures might be laid on her, and that the priest might be spared. For a month after the devil was allowed to work his will upon her. He would sit upon her breviary when she was reading, and her cell would fill with legions of imps.

An understanding of less than unusual strength would have broken down under so severe a trial. Teresa knew nothing of the natural capacities of a disordered animal system. She had been taught theologically that angels and devils were everywhere busy, and it was inevitable that she should regard herself as under a preternatural dispensation of some kind; but, as long as she was uncertain of what kind, she kept her judgment undisturbed, and she thought and reasoned on the common subjects of the day like a superior person of ordinary faculty. (Scribner.)

A SCENE IN A NORMAN COURT

There is delicate painting and charming scenes and coloring in the descriptions in Villerville: an Inn by the Sea, from *Three Normandy Inns*, by Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd. Each chapter is a series of pictures. The eye of the mind seems traversing a picture-gallery hung with quaint old scenes from picturesque Normandy, among which are droll ones and gay, pathetic and dramatic. In the pages which precede the following reading, a small party of American travellers of both sexes have found themselves at Coutances. M. Filon, of Cherbourg, a cider merchant, is on trial for cheating the state by making false entries. But his worst crime, in the eyes of the enraged populace, is that he has used as an accomplice a lad hardly fifteen years of age. The "fiery one of the *table d'hôte*," is an unnamed English traveller, who, in his love for pedestrianizing, scorns omnibuses and hacks. The other characters need no other introduction.

The courtroom was brightly lighted; the yellow radiance on the white walls made the eyes blink. We had turned, following our guide, from the gloom of the dim streets into the roomy corridors of the Préfecture. Even the gardens about the building were swarming with townspeople and peasants waiting for the court to open. When we entered, it was to find the hallways and stairs blocked with a struggling mass of people, all eager to get seats. A voice that was softened to a purring note, the voice that goes with the pursuit of the five-franc piece, spoke to our landlady. "The seats to be reserved in the tribune were for these ladies?"

No time had been lost, you perceive. We were strangers:

the courtesies of the town were to be extended to us. We were to have of their best, here in Coutances; and their best, just now, was this *mise-en-scène* in their court-room.

The stage was well set. The Frenchman's instinctive sense of fitness was obvious in the arrangements. Long lines of blue drapery from the tall windows brought the groups below into high relief; the scarlet of the judges' robes was doubly impressive against this background. The lawyers, in their flowing black gowns and white ties, gained added dignity from the marine note behind them. The bluish pallor of the walls made the accused and the group about him pathetically sombre. Each one of this little group was in black. The accused himself, a sharp, shrewd, too keen-eyed man of thirty or so, might have been following a corpse—so black was his raiment. Even the youth beside him, a dull, sodden-eyed lad, with an air of being here not on his own account, but because he had been forced to come, was clad in deepest mourning. By the side of the culprit sat the one really tragic figure in all the court—the culprit's wife. She also was in black. In happier times she must have been a fair, fresh-colored blonde. Now all the color was gone from her cheek. She was as pale as death, and in her sweet downcast eyes there were the tell-tale vigils of long nights of weeping. Beside her sat an elderly man who bent over her, talking, whispering, commenting as the trial went on.

Every eye in the tribune was fixed on the slim young figure. A passing glance sufficed, as a rule, for the culprit and his accomplice; but it was on the wife that all the quick French sympathy, that volubly spoke itself out, was lavished. The blouses and peasants' caps, the tradesmen and their wives, crowded close about the railing to pass their comment.

"She looks far more guilty than he," muttered a wizened old man next to us, very crooked on his three-legged stool.

"Yes," warmly added a stout, capped peasant, with a basket once on her arm, now serving as a pedestal to raise the higher above the others her own curiosity. "Yes—she has her modesty—too—to speak for her——"

"Bah—all put on—to soften the jury." It was our fiery one of the *table d'hôte* who had wedged his way toward us.

"And why not? A woman must make use of what weapons she has at hand——"

"*Silence! silence! messieurs!*" The *huissier* brought down his staff of office with a ring. The clatter of sabots over the wooden floor of the tribune and the loud talking were disturbing the court.

This French court, as a court, sat in strange fashion, it seemed to us. The bench was on wonderfully friendly terms with the table about which the clerks sat, with the lawyers, with the foreman of the jury, with even the *huissiers*. M. le

Président was in his robes, but he wore them as negligently as he did the dignity of his office. He and the lawyer for the defence, a noted Coutances orator, openly wrangled; the latter, indeed, took little or no pains to show him respect; now they joked together, next a retort flashed forth which began a quarrel, and the court and the trial looked on as both struggled for a mastery in the art of personal abuse. The lawyer made nothing of raising his finger, to shake it in open menace in the very teeth of the scarlet robes. And the robes clad a purple-faced figure that retorted angrily, like a fighting schoolboy.

But to Coutances, this, it appears, was a proper way for a court to sit.

"Ah, D'Alençon—il est fort, lui. C'est lui qui agace toujours monsieur le président——"

"He'll win—he'll make a great speech—he is never really fine until it's a question of life or death——" Such were the criticisms that were poured out from the quick-speaking lips about us.

Presently a simultaneous movement on the part of the jury brought the proceedings to confusion. A witness in the act of giving evidence stopped short in his sentence; he twisted his head; looking upward, he asked a question of the foreman, and the latter nodded, as if assenting. The judge then looked up. All the court looked up. All the heads were twisted. Something obviously was wrong. Then, presently the *concierge* appeared with a huge bunch of keys.

And all the court waited in perfect stillness—while the windows were being closed!

"*Ily avait un courant d'air*—there was a draught,"—gravely announced the crooked man, as he rose to let the *concierge* pass. This latter had her views of a court so susceptible to whiffs of night air.

"*Ces messieurs*—pity they have to be out at night!"—whereat the tribune snickered.

All went on bravely for a good half-hour. More witnesses were called; each answered with wonderful aptness, ease, and clearness; none were confused or timid; these were not men to be the playthings of others who made tortuous cross-questionings their trade. They, also, were Frenchmen; they knew how to speak. The judge and the Coutances lawyer continued their jokes and their squabblings. And still only the poor wife hung her head.

Then all at once the judge began to mop his brow. The jury, to a man, mopped theirs. The witnesses and lawyers each brought forth their big silk handkerchiefs. All the court was wiping its brow.

"It's the heat," cried the judge. "*Huissier*, call the *concierge*; tell her to open the windows."

The *concierge* reappeared. Flushed this time, and with

anger in her eye. She pushed her way through the crowd; she took not the least pains in the world to conceal her opinion of a court as variable as this one.

"*Ah, mais*, this is too much! if the jury doesn't know its mind better than this!" And in the fury of her wrath she well-nigh upset the crooked little old gentleman and his three-legged stool.

"That's right—that's right. I'm not a fine lady, tip me over. You open and shut me as if I were a bureau drawer; *continuez—continuez—*"

The *concierge* had reached the windows now. She was opening and slamming them in the face of the judge, the jury, and *messieurs les huissiers*, with unabashed violence. The court, except for that one figure in sombre draperies, being men, suffered this violence as only men bear with a woman in a temper. With the letting in of the fresh air, fresh energy in the prosecution manifested itself. The witnesses were being subjected to inquisitorial torture; their answers were still glib, but the faces were studies of the passions held in the leash of self-control. Not twenty minutes had ticked their beat of time when once more the jury, to a man, showed signs of shivering. Half a dozen gravely took out their pocket-handkerchiefs, and as gravely covered their heads. Others knotted the square of linen, thus making a closer head-gear. The judge turned uneasily in his own chair; he gave a furtive glance at the still open windows; as he did so he caught sight of his jury thus patiently suffering. The spectacle went to his heart; these gentlemen were again in a draught? Where was the *concierge*? Then the *huissier* whispered in the judge's ear; no one heard, but every one divined the whisper. It was to remind *monsieur le président* that the *concierge* was in a temper; would it not be better for him, the *huissier*, to close the windows? Without a smile, the judge bent his head, assenting. And once more all proceedings were at a standstill; the court was patiently waiting once more for the windows to be closed.

Now, in all this, no one, not even the wizened old man who was obviously the humorist of the tribune, had seen anything farcical. To be too hot—to be too cold! this is a serious matter in France. A jury surely has a right to protect itself against cold, against *la migraine*, and the devils of rheumatism and pleurisy. There is nothing ridiculous in twelve men sitting in judgment on a fellow-man, with their handkerchiefs covering their bare heads; nor of a judge who gallantly remembers the temper of a *concierge*; nor of a whole court sitting in silence, while the windows are opened and closed. There was nothing in all this to tickle the play of French humor. But then, we remembered, France is not the land of humorists, but of wits. M. d'Alençon down yonder, as he rises from his chair to address the judge and

jury, will prove to you and me, in the next two hours, how great an orator a Frenchman can be without trenching an inch on the humorist's ground.

The courtroom was so still now that you could have heard the fall of a pin.

At last the great moment had come—the moment and the man. There is nothing in life Frenchmen love better than a good speech—*un discours*; and to have the same pitched in the dramatic key, with a tragic result hanging on the effects of the pleading, this is the very climax of enjoyment. To a Norman, oratory is not second, but first nature; all the men of this province have inherited the gift of eloquence. But this M. d'Alençon, the crooked man whispered in hurried explanation, he was *un fameux*—even the Paris courts had to send for him when they wanted a great orator.

The famous lawyer understood the alphabet of his calling. He knew the value of effect. He threw himself at once into the orator's pose. His gown took sculptural lines; his arms were waved majestically, as arms that were conscious of having great sleeves to accentuate the lines of gesture.

Then he began to speak. The voice was soft; at first one was chiefly conscious of the music in its cadences. But as it warmed and grew with the ardor of the words, the room was filled with such vibrations as usually come only with the sounding of rich wind-instruments. With such a voice a man could do anything. D'Alençon played with it as a man plays with a power he had both trained and conquered. It was firmly modulated, with no accent of sympathy when he opened his plea for his client. It warmed slightly when he indignantly repelled the charges brought against the latter. It took the cadence of a lover when he pointed to the young wife's figure and asked if it were likely a husband could be guilty of such crimes, year after year, with such a woman as that beside him. It was tenderly explanatory as he went on enlarging on the young wife's perfections, on her character, so well known to them all here in Coutances, on the influence she had given the home-life yonder in Cherbourg. Even the children were not forgotten, as an aid to incidental testimony. Was it even conceivable a father of a young family would lead an innocent lad into error, fraud, and theft?

"It is he who knows how to touch the heart!"

"*Quel beau moment!*" cried the wizened man, in a transport.

"See—the jury weep!"

All the court was in tears, even *monsieur le président* sniffled, and yet there was no draught. As for the peasant women and the shopkeepers, they could not have been more moved if the culprit had been a blood-relation. How they enjoyed their tears! What a delight it was to thus thrill and shiver! The wife was sobbing now, with her head on her uncle's shoulder. And the culprit was acting his part, also,

to perfection. He had been firmly stoical until now. But at this parade of his wife's virtues he broke down, his head was bowed at last. It was all the tribune could do to keep its applause from breaking forth. It was such a perfect performance! it was as good as the theatre—far better—for this was real—this play—with a man's whole future at stake!

Until midnight the lawyer held all in the town in a trance. He ended at last with a Ciceronian, declamatory outburst. A great buzz of applause welled up from the court. The tribune was in transports, such a magnificent harangue he had not given in years. It was one of his greatest victories.

"And his victories are the victories of all Coutances."

The crooked man almost stood upright in the excitement of his enthusiasm. Great drops of sweat were on his wrinkled old brow. The evening had been a great event in his life, as his twisted frame, all a-tremble with pleasurable elation, exultingly proved. The women's caps were closer together than ever; they were pressing in a solid mass close to the railing of the tribune to gain one last look at the wife.

"It is she who will not sleep——"

"Poor soul, are her children with her?"

"No—and no women either. There is only the uncle."

"He is a good man, he will comfort her!"

"*Faut prier le bon Dieu!*"

At the court-room door there was a last glimpse of the stricken figure. She disappeared into the blackness of the night, bent and feeble, leaning with pitiful attempt at dignity on the uncle's arm. With the dawn she would learn her husband's fate. The jury would be out all night.

"You see, madame, it is she who must really suffer in the end." We were also walking into the night, through the bushes of the garden, to the dark of the streets. Our landlady was guiding us, and talking volubly. She was still under the influences of the past hour's excitement. Her voice trembled audibly, and she was walking with brisk strides through the dim streets.

"If Filon is condemned, what would happen to them?"

"Oh, he would pass a few years in prison—not many. The jury is always easy on the rich. But his future is ruined. They—the family—would have to go away. But even then, rumor would follow them. It travels far nowadays—it has a thousand legs, as they say here. Wherever they go, they will be known. But M. d'Alençon—what did you think of him, *hein?* There's a great man—what an orator! One must go as far as Paris—to the theatre; one must hear a great play—and even there, when does an actor make you weep as he did? Henri, he was superb. I tell you, superb! *a'une éloquence!*" And to her husband, when we reached the inn door, our vivacious landlady was still narrating the chief points of the speech as we crawled wearily up to our beds.

It was early the next morning when we descended into the inn dining-room. The lawyer's eloquence had interfered with our rest. Coffee and a bite of fresh air were best taken together, we agreed. Before the coffee, came the news of the culprit's fate. Most of the inn establishment had been sent to court to learn the jury's verdict. Madame confessed to a sleepless night. The thought of that poor wife had haunted her pillow. She had deemed it best—but just to us all, in a word, to despatch Auguste—the one inn waiter, to hear the verdict. *Tiens*, there he was now, turning the corner.

"*Il est acquitté!*" rang through the streets.

"He is acquitted—he is acquitted! *Le bon Dieu soit loué!* Henri—Ernest—M. Terier, he is acquitted—he is acquitted! I tell you!"

The cry rang through the house. Our landlady was shouting the news out of doors, through windows, to passers-by, to the very dogs as they ran. But the townspeople needed no summoning. The windows were crowded full of eager heads, all asking the same question at once. A company of peasants coming up from the fields for breakfast stopped to hear the glad tidings. The shopkeepers all the length of the street gathered to join them. Every one was talking at once. Every shade of opinion was aired in the morning sun. On one subject alone there was a universal agreement.

"What good news for the poor wife!"

"And what a night she must have passed!"

All this sympathy and interest, be it remembered, was for one they barely knew. To be the niece of a Coutances uncle—this was enough, for the good people of this cathedral city, to insure the flow of their tears and the gift of their prayers. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

A THOUGHT.....ABRAM J. RYAN.....POEMS.

Hearts that are great beat never loud,

They muffle their music when they come;

They hurry away from the thronging crowd

With bended brows and lips half dumb.

And the world looks on and mutters "Proud."

But when great hearts have passed away

Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud,

And in love they kneel around their clay.

Hearts that are great are always lone,

They never will manifest their best;

Their greatest greatness is unknown—

Earth knows a little—God the rest.